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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1937.



REMINISCENT OF THE AIR ATTACK ON THE "DEUTSCHLAND" IN THE ROADSTEAD OF IVIZA ON MAY 29: (ABOVE) THE DESTRUCTION OF "PORT HENDON" BY RAIDING AIRCRAFT—THE "SET-PIECE" OF THE R.A.F. DISPLAY; AND (BELOW) ROYAL SPECTATORS—(FROM L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE QUEEN, THE KING, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCE CHICHIBU AND THE DUKE OF KENT.

In the royal party present at the eighteenth R.A.F. Display at Hendon, on June 26, were the King and Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Prince Chichibu of Japan, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. A record crowd of 195,000 spectators was thrilled by aerobatics, sky-writing, and the shooting down of balloon "monsters." The two most remarkable items in the display were the fly-past of 250 machines in mass formation and the attack on

"Port Hendon." The latter event was a most impressive demonstration of the havoc which can be wrought by raiding aircraft on a seaport, and it was possible to visualise from it the scene of horror in the roadstead of Iviza on May 29 when the German "pocket-battleship" "Deutschland" was bombed by two Spanish Government aeroplanes. After the Display, the King, who is a qualified pilot, sent a message of congratulation to Viscount Swinton, the Air Minister.

LONDON'S RECORD GATHERING OF WAR VETERANS: A GREAT REVIEW.



THE LARGEST GATHERING OF WAR VETERANS YET SEEN IN LONDON: SOME OF THE 80,000 EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE TWENTY BIG DIVISIONS IN WHICH THEY WERE FORMED FOR THE INSPECTION.



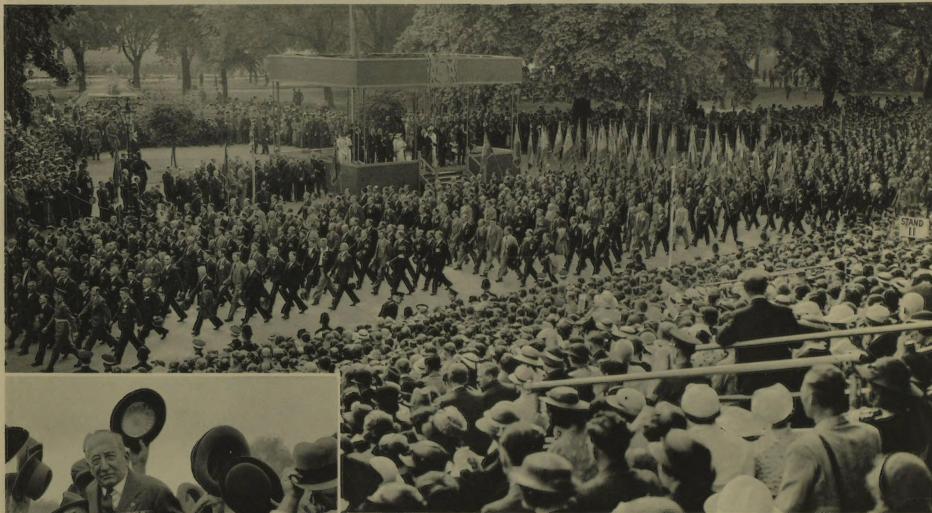
HUGE CONCOURSE OF EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN AT THE ROYAL REVIEW IN HYDE PARK: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MUSTERING OF THE DIVISIONS FACING THE ROYAL DAI (SITUATED OPPOSITE THE CENTRE OF THE PARADE ON THE RIGHT).

His Majesty King George VI, reviewed, in Hyde Park on June 27, 80,000 ex-Service men and women, the largest gathering of war veterans yet seen in London. They were formed up in some twenty divisions, each 4000 strong, for inspection by His Majesty; and the march-past took an hour and a half, although they were marshalled twenty abreast. Before the march-past, members of the royal party also paid a visit to an enclosure where about 1000 disabled ex-Service men were assembled. Among

the 80,000 who marched past His Majesty, the numbers of the British Legion were substantially greatest, but regimental associations and other bodies were also well represented. General Gough headed veterans of the Fifth Army and was warmly cheered. Great feeling was also evoked by the appearance of 200 blinded men, led by Captain Sir Ian Fraser. They marched with linked arms, with stewards at the end of each rank to guide them, and gave His Majesty "Eyes right."



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE WATCHES THE MARCH-PAST OF 80,000 EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN IN HYDE PARK: A GROUP ON THE DAI, INCLUDING (L. TO R.) QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD MILNE (BEHIND), THE KING, QUEEN MARY, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, AND THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.



SCENES ON THE OCCASION OF THE GREAT ROYAL REVIEW OF WAR VETERANS IN HYDE PARK: THE MARCH PAST THE KING; AND (LEFT) MEN OF THE FIFTH ARMY CHAIRING GENERAL GOUGH, THEIR COMMANDER IN THE MARCH RETREAT IN 1918, WHO LED THEM IN THE MARCH-PAST.

THEIR MAJESTIES drove to Hyde Park on June 27 for the royal review of War Veterans, and were received by Field-Marshal Lord Milne and Colonel E. C. Heath, General Secretary of the British Legion. Their Majesties were joined on the dais by Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Earl of Harewood.

His Majesty addressed the gathering at considerable length, beginning by expressing his pleasure at seeing so many "old comrades." Later in his speech he said: "I have especially welcomed the interchange of visits between the ex-Service men of other countries and ourselves. Those of us who have seen war know what a great calamity it is for victors and vanquished alike, and if, with the united weight of our experience, we can convince the world of this fact, then I feel we can render no greater service to the human race. Some among you [His Majesty went on] have no known the tragedy of war, and, I pray God, never will. For you, too, there is a task to perform. It is not only in times of common danger that we need the fellow-feeling so lavishly outpoured during those dark years. The spirit of unselfishness is just as necessary now for the welfare of mankind in our daily life. . . ." He ended by saying: "The Queen and I wish every one of you prosperity and happiness. For us, this gathering will always remain one of the most outstanding events of our Coronation year."

WHEN H.M. KING GEORGE VI. SPOKE OF WAR AS A "GREAT CALAMITY FOR VICTORS AND VANQUISHED ALIKE": THE ROYAL REVIEW OF WAR VETERANS IN HYDE PARK.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SO Barrie is dead, and Bilbao fallen—all in a day. The one profoundly affects the present lives and future of many thousands, perhaps millions, of living men and women of another race. Yet the first touches, if not the lives, at least the hearts of even vaster numbers. All over the English-speaking world, men and women who have once been caught in the gleam of Barrie's gentle magic will pause to-day in their avocations and recall the spell once cast on them. And though, even when these lines appear, Bilbao's fall will be fast receding into the distance as last month's news, and the tide of battle and desolation will be rolling elsewhere, the passing of this quiet little Scottish literary recluse from his familiar haunts in the Adelphi will still be news, and sorrowful, significant news, in places as far apart as drab, grey Scottish towns and sunlit fruit farms in South Africa and ranches fronting the lonely Canadian snows. For those—and no man can say how many they were—who valued his gifts, are mournfully aware that no one quite like him ever existed before or ever will again. His work was unique, and one cannot look for any repetition of it.

Hardy, Kipling, A. E. Housman, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Conrad, Barrie: the leaves of a now past and great literary summer have fallen heavily of late. Of the giants of old, in whose shadow the mushroom writers of our hasty age grew to such stature as they possess, only Wells and Shaw remain. Of these mighty ones, Barrie was not, perhaps, the greatest. But I think he was the most loved. Genius may excite wonder and admiration in lesser men, but it seldom excites love. It is too remote and awe-inspiring: its unnatural austerities are apt to humiliate. But Barrie was made of gentler stuff, and nothing he wrote ever humiliated anyone. He was loved by people who do not ordinarily read books or witness clever plays: by the kind of people who live in the hundreds of thousands of neat little villas that to-day surround all our great towns and house the real backbone of our population. Perhaps they had never read any of his books nor seen more than one of his plays, but nearly all of them under the age of forty had attended a performance of "Peter Pan," and at a time of life when such performances make a very deep impression on the mind. And they had understood every word of it. He wrote of the kind of things their hearts cleaved to, in the kind of language they understood, with little, pawky, everyday jokes they could appreciate: of a house for Wendy—with roses peeping in, you know, and babies peeping out—of what every woman knows, of a man's loneliness when he's single, of a hope, born of a belief in some better world, that men, if die they must in some hour of ill-fortune, might die like English gentlemen. His unchanging themes were love and courage and the humour that makes the wilderness flower, and the belief in something kindlier and more tender in store for patient, battered humanity than the realities of this harsh life.

Of recent years, clever and pretentious folk had spoken contemptuously of his work and of his

absorption in these common ideas. They implied, with arch fingers and mocking eyebrows, that too much dwelling on such matters was mere sentimentality. For a feted young literary lion successfully leading the higher life of Bloomsbury, it might be sentimental—by which I suppose is meant a tendency to parade false sentiment—to write of a mother's love for her children or of the tenderness of everyday human companionship or of courage in the face of adversity. I believe that high Bloomsbury tries to get along without these things. But for a lonely

made at St. Andrews University fifteen years ago, on his chosen theme of courage. Courage is the lovely virtue, on which all the other virtues depend and without which all must go down in ruin to the dust—courage to endure and not complain, to do the day's dull work and dream of the peace and consummation that never comes, to believe in all the splendour and beauty that the world's drab dress hides. Sometimes, he said, beauty walks abroad, and then spirits boil over. It was not of brute insensitiveness that the bright web of courage he so loved was spun, but of some excess of pity and feeling for divine loveliness. It was not because he did not feel, that Peter Pan's hand flew to his sword hilt and his heart into the night to do battle alone. So, too, the old Scots pirate of the ballad Barrie loved to quote—

"Fight on, my men," says
Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slain,
I'll lie me down and bleed awhile
And then I'll rise and fight again."

For Barrie the fight has ended: at least as waged on the battlefield of this tough world. He did not do so badly: he may be said to have made a bonnie fight of it. He made his own way and stood always on his own feet—how many men of genius and sensibility can say the same? He burdened no man and helped many, for the tale of his unseeking charity was endless. He gave pleasure and inspiration in his lifetime to millions, and he contributed something not unworthy to the permanent treasury of mankind. To the end he delighted in courage. When I last saw him, towards the end of the brief run of "The Boy David"—a seeming defeat of which he spoke little but felt deeply—he was sitting late with one of the most famous war V.C.s, "an officer who was the first of our Army to land at Gallipoli." The high and inspired excess of courage of this man, which once had been a household word, has long ago been forgotten by most people: courage is no longer in fashion. But Barrie never forgot.

His last play was a failure, or at least was accounted such. It seems curious, for to the writer of these lines it appeared his greatest. It concerned not the ephemeral, in which our busy, urban world is so absorbed to the exclusion of almost everything else, but those eternal values of act and spirit which men and women who live simple lives close to the rough basic realities of life discover for themselves. It was the kind of play that any countryman, however simple, would have immediately understood. It was

written in the English of the Bible in which our fathers spoke and to whose music and profundity of thought and feeling we seem to have lost the key. Presented with a flawless craftsmanship which age had robbed of none of its cunning, and interpreted by an artist of genius in the supreme achievement of her career, "The Boy David" utterly awed at least one who had gone to the theatre prepared to scoff. He remains, to pay this belated homage to a dramatic masterpiece as much out of keeping with the spirit of our own transient age as it was in touch with that of those other and more enduring ages to which it now belongs.



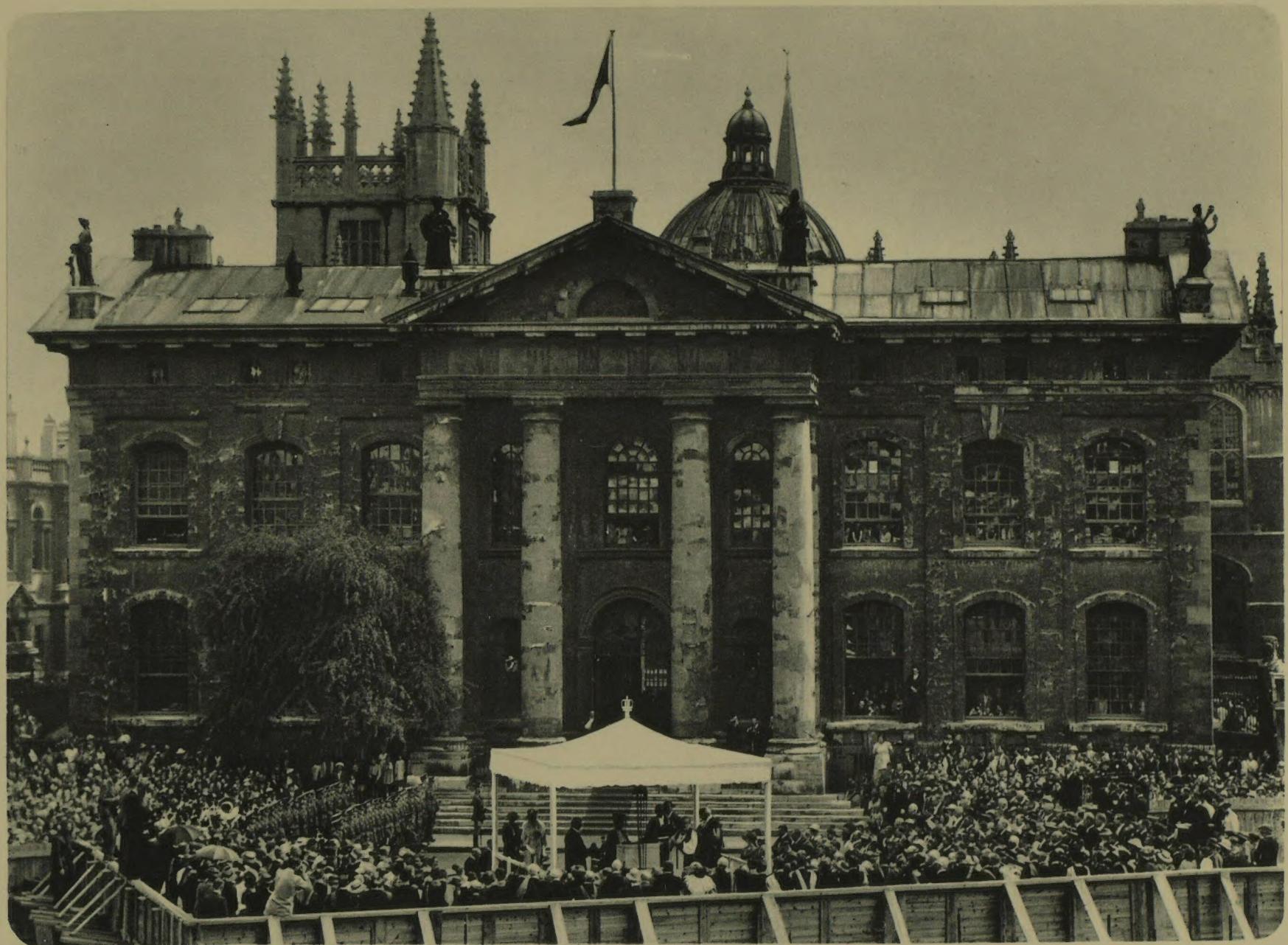
UNVEILED AT ST. PETER'S HALL, OXFORD, BY VISCOUNT HALIFAX, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY: "LORD NUFFIELD, HON. D.C.L., OXON."; BY P. A. DE LÁSZLÓ, M.V.O.

This striking portrait of Lord Nuffield, by that famous painter of so many celebrities, Mr. P. A. de László, was unveiled on June 26 at St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, by Viscount Halifax, Chancellor of the University. Lord Nuffield is a benefactor of St. Peter's Hall; and the portrait is a gift of gratitude from the members of the Hall and their friends. It was officially announced on January 1 this year that Lord Nuffield's benefactions amounted to over seven million pounds, which did not include gifts of less than £10,000. It will be remembered that he gave £1,250,000 to Oxford University in October last year for the development of a post-graduate medical school with a staff of full-time professors, and six weeks later increased his gift to £2,000,000.

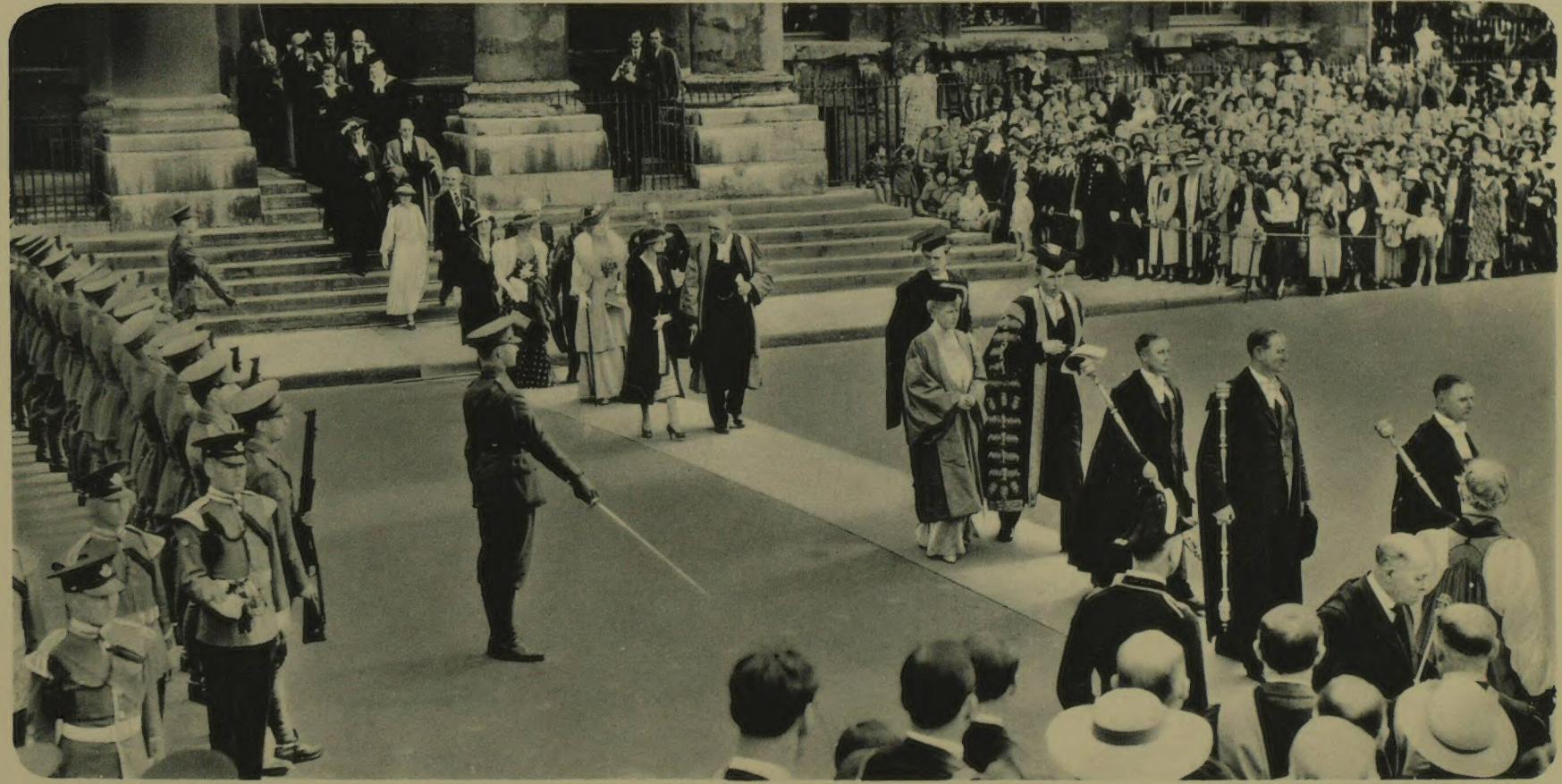
Reproduced by Courtesy of P. A. de László, M.V.O. (Copyright Reserved.)

man of genius, who had had a hard struggle in youth, who had attained the plaudits of the world but never quite found the haven where he would be, all this might not be sentimentality at all: such themes might be wrung from a heart restrained by every habit and precept of childhood, but intensely sensitive and alert. They might be the sublimation of all he himself had sought and not found. They certainly proved to be the expression of what millions of unpretending, struggling men and women, all over the world, think and feel in their most intense and vital hours. I think it is this that explains the fire and passion of that extraordinary speech that Barrie

QUEEN MARY, AS A D.C.L., INITIATES THE BODLEIAN EXTENSION.



QUEEN MARY VISITS OXFORD TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY EXTENSION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY WHILE HER MAJESTY WAS ON THE DAIS; WITH THE CLARENDON BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND.



QUEEN MARY AT OXFORD: HER MAJESTY, WEARING THE ROBES OF A DOCTOR OF CIVIL LAW, WALKING IN PROCESSION WITH THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, LORD HALIFAX, FROM THE CLARENDON BUILDING TO THE SITE OF THE BODLEIAN EXTENSION.

Queen Mary visited Oxford on June 25 to lay the foundation-stone of the Bodleian Library extension. A special Convocation was held to present an address of thanks to her. The Vice-Chancellor read the address, which included the words "we welcome your Majesty as one of our own Doctors, and we know the kindly interest with which you have always regarded our University. We remember, too, the gracious favour which his late Majesty, King George V., bestowed upon us, and we venture to think that it is in part as his representative that your Majesty is with us now." Convocation being dissolved, a procession was formed and left

for the new Bodleian site. Here Queen Mary was received by the Bishop of Oxford and the Master of Pembroke; and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, architect of the extension, was presented to her Majesty. After laying the foundation-stone, Queen Mary attended a garden-party at Balliol College. The former appearance of Broad Street, on the site for the extension, and the design of the proposed building, were illustrated in our issues of June 6 and September 19 last year. The new building will be a steel-framed structure faced with stone. It will be linked to the existing library by a tunnel underneath Broad Street.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF A DISASTER: ERUPTION SCENES AT RABAUL.



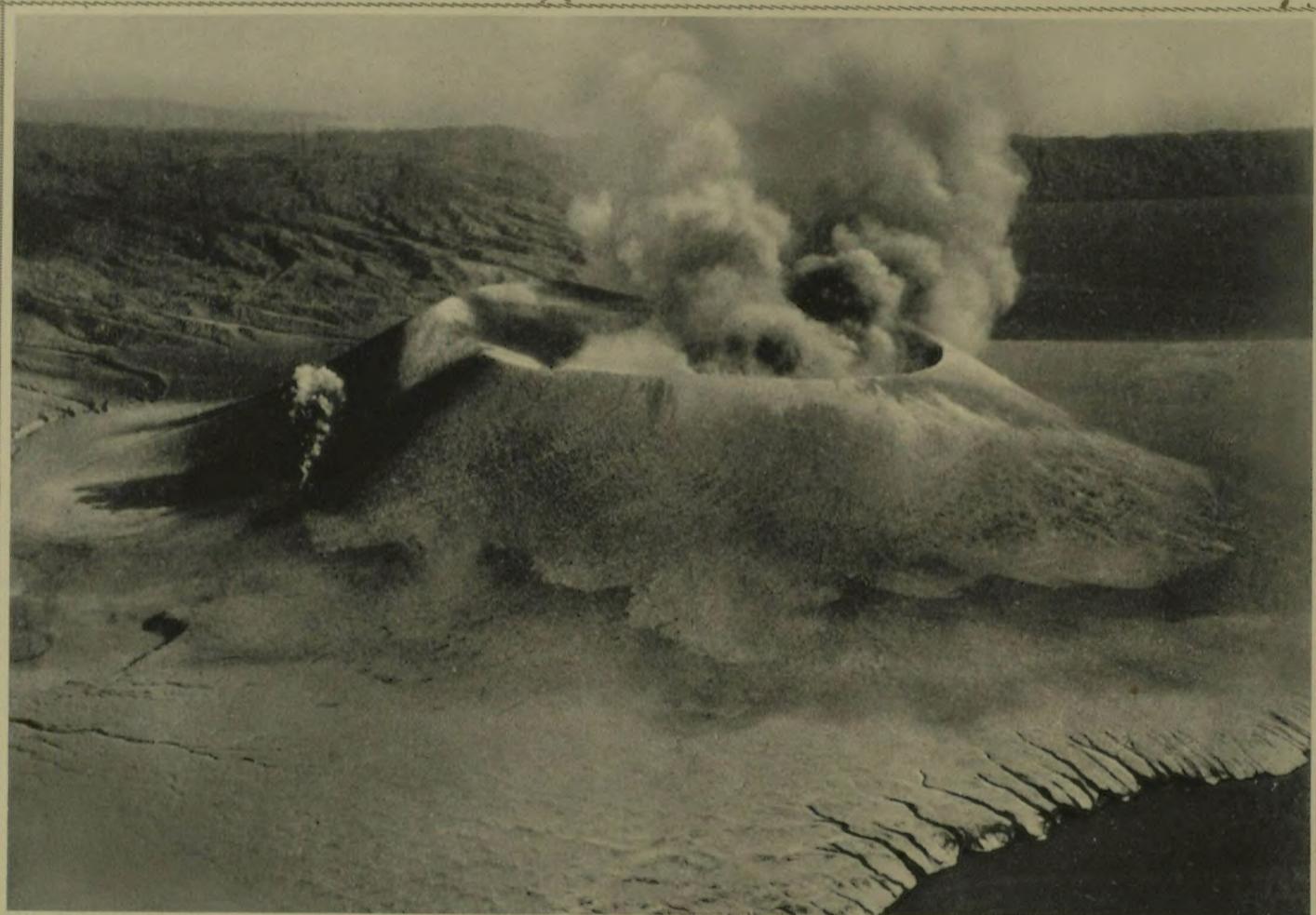
TREES STRIPPED OF FOLIAGE AND THEIR BROKEN BRANCHES STREWN ON THE GROUND: HAVOC CAUSED BY VOLCANIC SHOWERS DURING THE ERUPTIONS NEAR RABAUL, THE CAPITAL OF NEW BRITAIN.



VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS THAT CAUSED A TEMPORARY EVACUATION OF RABAUL: CLOUDS OF STEAM RISING FROM THE CRATERS OF MATUPI (ON THE RIGHT) AND VULCAN ISLAND, THE MORE VIOLENT OF THE TWO.

VOLCANIC eruptions, however terrifying and dangerous they may be to residents in the vicinity, have a picturesque side, which is strikingly illustrated in the photographs given on these two pages, especially those showing the magnificent atmospheric effects produced by gigantic clouds of volcanic smoke and ash rising into the sky and overhanging the threatened land below. On May 30, news came that eruptions of the neighbouring volcanoes on Vulcan Island and Matupi Island (the latter only seven miles from Rabaul, capital of New Britain, a large island of the New Guinea group, under the Australian Mandate) had made it necessary to evacuate the population of that town. Nearly five thousand people, including 700 whites, 800 Chinese, and 3000 natives, were embarked in steamers commandeered by the Government, and conveyed to Kopoko, about fifteen miles away across Blanche Bay. The Matupi volcano had long been dormant. A new

[Continued on opposite page.]



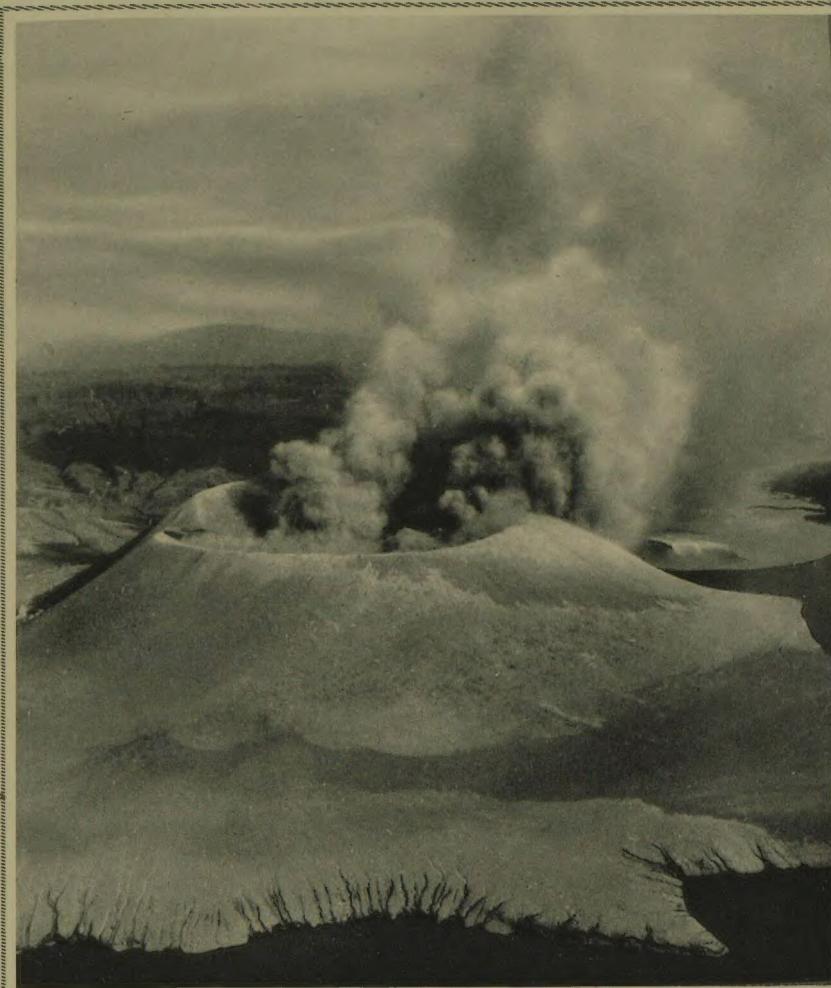
EFFECTS OF THE VOLCANIC ASH THAT RAINED ON RABAUL AND THE SURROUNDING DISTRICT: BOATS AND OTHER STRUCTURES COVERED WITH IT, AND A TREE THROWN DOWN OVER A MOTOR-CAR.

THE ERUPTING CRATER OF VULCAN ISLAND (NORMALLY LOW-LYING) SEEN FROM THE AIR: A VIEW SHOWING MOLTEN PUMICE BUILDING THE CONE HUNDREDS OF FEET HIGH AND FLOWING INTO THE SEA.



A CAR COVERED WITH SIX INCHES OF VOLCANIC ASH, WHICH STOPPED THE ENGINE AND COMPELLED ITS OWNER, WHO WAS LEAVING FOR KOPOKO, TO ABANDON IT: A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESOLATION IN RABAUL.

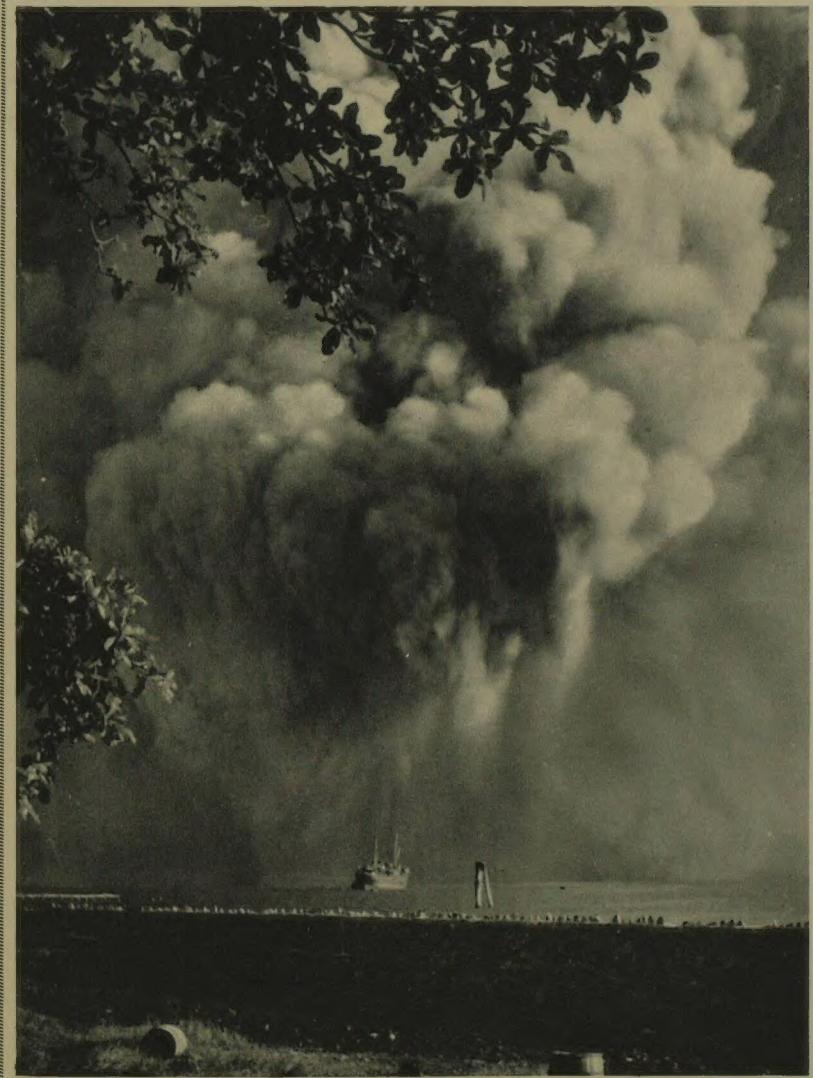
VOLCANIC "PILLARS OF CLOUD" NEAR RABAUL: MAGNIFICENT SKY EFFECTS.



ONE OF THE VOLCANOES THAT DROVE FROM RABAUL ITS FIVE THOUSAND INHABITANTS: AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, OF A CRATER IN ERUPTION.



DURING THE ERUPTIONS IN NEW BRITAIN, ONE OF THE NEW GUINEA ISLANDS, THAT DESTROYED HOSTS OF COCONUT PALMS: A FANTASTIC VIEW OF STRICKEN TREES SEEN AGAINST VOLCANIC SMOKE.



OVERHUNG BY A STUPENDOUS PALL OF VOLCANIC SMOKE AND ASH: A STEAMER ANCHORED OFF RABAUL AT THE HEIGHT OF THE ERUPTIONS, AND WAITING TO TAKE OFF REFUGEES.



THE ERUPTION OF THE NEW CRATER ON VULCAN ISLAND, WHOSE INTENSE ACTIVITY CAUSED THE EVACUATION OF RABAUL: LAVA STREAMS, MARKED BY SMOKE-CLOUDS, POURING DOWN EACH SIDE INTO THE SEA.

Continued.

crater afterwards burst into activity on Vulcan Island. The Commonwealth Government at once despatched a relief ship, with a survey sloop, and the New Guinea administrator, Brig.-General W. R. McNicoll, flew to Rabaul from Port Moresby, on the mainland of New Guinea. On June 4 it was reported that the disturbances were subsiding, and an official message from Canberra stated: "The Administrator of New Guinea has advised that the eruptions of both Vulcan and

(Continued above on right.)

EVERY MISFORTUNE IS SOMEONE'S FAULT.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"WITCHCRAFT, ORACLES AND MAGIC AMONG THE AZANDE": By E. E. EVANS-PRITCHARD.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

THE Azande (singular: Zande) are a negroid people of the Sudan. Perhaps, at first, some of their views on the occult may strike you as a bit odd: read Dr. Evans-Pritchard's fascinating book, and you will soon find yourself accepting them as perfectly natural. The Azande believe in witchcraft as an organic peculiarity; you have it, literally, "in your belly," or you have not. Even if you have, it may remain "cool," or inactive; you may never in your life bewitch anyone. If you are a practising witch, you employ no ceremonies or "medicines" of any kind; though witchcraft is material, its action is purely psychic. The witch despatches the "soul" of his witchcraft to devour the "soul of the flesh" of his enemy, and "it sails through the air emitting a bright light."

To grasp the Zande doctrine of witchcraft, one should first realise that, roughly speaking, every misfortune is someone's fault. We detect human responsibility only when it stares us in the face—when it takes the form, say, of incompetence or physical violence. Disease, drought, or bad harvests we call just bad luck or an "act of God." The Zande takes precisely our view of theft or murder, but if he falls ill, or meets with a hunting accident, or with any other kind of "bad luck," then he knows that somebody is bewitching him.

One of Dr. Evans-Pritchard's friends, for example, was a skilled wood-carver. "Occasionally the bowls and stools which he carved split during the work, as one may well imagine in such a climate. . . . When this happened, he attributed the misfortune to witchcraft, and used to harangue me about the spite and jealousy of his neighbours. When I used to reply that I thought he was mistaken and that people were well disposed towards him, he used to hold the split bowl or stool towards me as concrete evidence of his assertions. If people were not bewitching his work, how would I account for that?"

Not that Azande fail to observe the "natural causes" of a misfortune. They will mention them if you ask. You learn, perhaps, that so-and-so was killed by witchcraft. You ask how, and will be told that he hanged himself. You ask why, and will be told, because he was angry with his brothers. If you persevere, and ask why, in that case, drag witchcraft into it, the Zande will answer that if everyone who was angry with his brothers committed suicide, the world would soon be depopulated. For this particular man to hang himself in this particular fit of rage, there must have been some further cause—namely, witchcraft.

But, though Azande know themselves in constant danger from witchcraft, they take it coolly. It is all in the day's work. There is nothing gruesome about a witch,

or even unusual—"you may be one yourself, and certainly many of your closest neighbours are witches." Nor are their activities awe-inspiring. When misfortunes occur, "the Zande is not terrified at the presence of an occult enemy. He is, on the other hand, extremely annoyed.

Here the advantages of the system begin to show themselves. In the first place, the Zande has always someone to blame. When things go wrong, he is never forced to bottle up his natural annoyance for lack of an object. And, moreover, while the European often has to resign himself to "chance" or "blind forces," the Zande can always be up and doing. He has protective armour for one thing—medicines, magic whistles, and so on. And if these fail, still he has only another tribesman to deal with—someone who can be found out and induced to desist.

To discover who is bewitching him, he consults an oracle: if he can afford it, the poison oracle. This is a red powder, obtained from the root of a creeper growing in the Congo. Being difficult to procure, it is somewhat

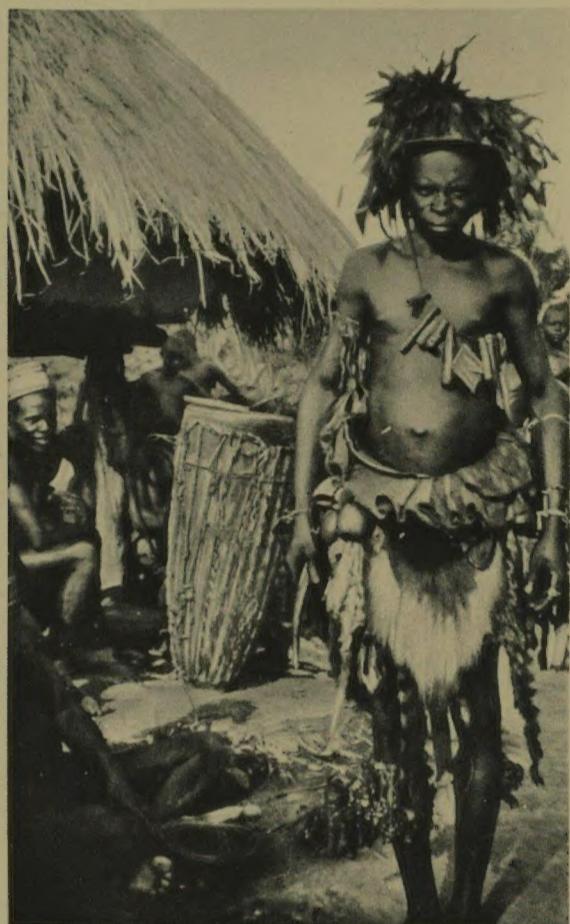


ERECTED IN AN ELEUSINE CULTIVATION ON THE DAY OF SOWING: A GHOST SHRINE.

At the foot of the shrine are medicines under a pot. Other medicines can be seen protruding from the adjacent termite mound. In the shrine are food offerings to the gods.

All Reproductions from "Witchcraft, Oracles and Magic among the Azande," by Courtesy of the Publishers, the Oxford University Press.

Someone, out of spite, has ruined his ground-nuts or spoilt his hunting or given his wife a chill. . . . It is an impertinence, a dirty, offensive trick!"



WITH MAGIC WHISTLES ACROSS HIS CHEST, A GRASS PURSE IN THE CENTRE OF THEM: A WITCH DOCTOR.

"The wood of certain trees is fashioned in the shape of a whistle. Though the cavity hollowed out at one end is shallow it emits a shrill blast when blown. Magical whistles are used for many purposes. . . . Before making a whistle a man ought to observe taboos."

scarce and expensive, and chickens are also necessary; but it is by far the best oracle. The operator mixes it with water to form a paste, and squeezes a little of the liquid down the throat of a fowl; the poison is then addressed, inside the fowl, and the situation explained to it. "Poison oracle, poison oracle, you are in the throat of the fowl. It is X who is bewitching me, hear it, kill the fowl. It is not so, X is innocent, poison oracle, spare the fowl." If the fowl dies, there will be a corroborative test in which a chicken has to survive to give the same answer. Then you are certain X is guilty, and can take steps.

Of course, Azande do not rush off to the oracle at every little unpleasantness. Life is too short; and, anyhow, you are bound to be bewitched sometimes. Besides, when a thing is over and done with, the witch can only apologise, which would be poor comfort; in such cases the Zande will content himself with a little abuse of witchcraft in general. He consults the oracle when he is ill or is afraid of being ill. He asks it why his wife is barren, or whether he may give his daughter to so-and-so. He resorts to it when about to marry, or to take a journey, or to build a new homestead. Will these ventures turn out all right? One might infer that the oracle has prophetic powers, but it is not that exactly. What happens is that it sees witchcraft already brewing—hanging over the venture, as it were, and prepared to strike. And so the Zande is able to avoid enterprises which are doomed in advance.

[Continued on page 48.]



ORACLE POISON: THE OPERATOR TWIRLING A BRUSH IN THE POISON WITH HIS RIGHT HAND BEFORE PLACING THE BRUSH IN THE LEAF-FILTER HELD IN HIS LEFT HAND; HIS LEFT FOOT IMPRISONING THE FOWL.

"Oracle poison is useless unless a man possesses fowls upon which to test it, for the oracle speaks through fowls. In every Zande household there is a fowl-house, and fowls are kept mainly with the object of subjecting them to oracular tests. . . . Old men say that fully-grown birds ought not to be used in oracle consultations because they are too susceptible to the poison and have a habit of dying straight away before the poison has had time to consider the matter placed before it or even to hear a full statement of the problem. On the other hand, a chicken remains for a long time under the influence of the poison before it recovers or expires, so that the oracle has time to hear all the relevant details concerning the problem placed before it and to give a well-considered judgment. . . . All good oracle poison is the same, whoever owns, operates, and consults it. But its goodness depends on the care and virtue of owner, operator, and consulter. As the greatest precautions are taken with a prince's poison, it is considered more reliable than the poison of commoners."



ORACLE POISON: THE OPERATOR HOLDING THE FOWL'S BEAK OPEN WITH HIS LEFT HAND WHILE, WITH THE RIGHT, HE SQUEEZES THE POISON INTO ITS BEAK, ANOTHER PRELIMINARY TO THE CONSULTATION.

* "Witchcraft, Oracles and Magic among the Azande." By E. E. Evans-Pritchard, M.A. (Oxon.), Ph.D. (London), Research Lecturer in African Sociology at the University of Oxford, Sometime Professor of Sociology at the Egyptian University, Cairo. With a Foreword by Professor C. G. Seligman, F.R.S. (Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford; 21s.)

IN THE CRUISER "LEIPZIG"—THE SUBJECT OF THE RECENT "INCIDENT."

DRAWN BY ERHARDT ERDMANN.



IN THE GERMAN WARSHIP ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY AN UNSEEN SPANISH GOVERNMENT SUBMARINE WHILE PATROLLING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: SEARCHLIGHT PRACTICE IN THE "LEIPZIG" DURING NIGHT MANŒUVRES.

The alleged attacks on the 6000-ton cruiser "Leipzig" (a photograph of which appeared in our issue of June 26), which was stated in Germany to have been the target on four occasions—on June 15 and 18—for torpedoes fired by a Spanish Government submarine off Oran—a claim denied by the Spanish Government, who asserted that on the dates given their submarines were in

port and their crews ashore—led to the withdrawal of Germany and Italy from the system of naval control off the coast of Spain. Although Germany did not obtain the co-operation of Britain and France in a suggested international naval demonstration off Valencia, it was stated that she would take no further action other than withdrawal.

NEW DISCOVERIES OF MAYA CULTURE AT CHICHEN ITZA.

FRESH EXAMPLES FROM YUCATAN: ART RELICS, INCLUDING RELIEFS REPRESENTING FERTILITY RITES OF A "CRUEL AND PICTURESQUE" RELIGION, FOUND IN A MAYA CITY UNDER TOLTEC INFLUENCE IN THE 12TH CENTURY.

By SEÑOR CÉSAR LIZARDI RAMOS. With photographs by the Mexican Department of Monuments. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page and Pages 14 and 15.)

DURING the season of operations from the end of July to the beginning of October 1936, the experts in the Department of Monuments of Mexico carried out intensive work on the old Maya city of Chichen Itza, Yucatan, which resulted in discoveries of the utmost importance for American archaeology, embracing: (1) the identification and design of the beautiful polychrome reliefs in the walls of the half-ruined Temple of the Bearded Man on the northern side of the principal Ball Court; (2) the restoration of the sculptured stones which covered the sloping front of the terraces (used as seats) in the same Ball Court; (3) the identification and decipherment of the hieroglyphics on a monolith found in 1923 in the Ball Court, containing a date, probably that of the erection of that building and its annexes; and (4) the discovery of a stone tiger, with its back in the form of an altar, in a chamber contained in the interior of the pyramid which now supports the Temple of Kukulcan, or the Castle of Chichen, which pyramid has an approximate height of 30 metres (about 98½ ft.).

I believe that a brief description of these discoveries, completed by the illustrations in this article, will enable readers to form an adequate idea of what was the ancient art of Yucatan under the influence of the Toltec culture, of the penetration of which in the Yucatan Peninsula, perhaps about the twelfth century A.D., there is historical testimony. The credit for having identified and drawn the reliefs in the Temple of the Bearded Man belongs to the Mexican archaeologist, Miguel Angel Fernandez. For entire decades many exceedingly learned foreign investigators passed by these reliefs without distinguishing anything more than the central figure—that is, the Bearded Man. Finally, after various seasons of assiduous work, during which he made use of the different lights of the day and likewise artificial light, Señor Fernandez succeeded in putting organisation into the chaos represented by the figures, in themselves sufficiently worn by time, and in drawing them with an elegance of outline which will not pass unperceived by the reader who takes the trouble of examining the illustration (Fig. 2).

The description of the reliefs is due to the Mexican archaeologist, Enrique Juan Palacios, and I avail myself of it in writing this part of my article. In the highest of the four rows of reliefs which appear on the drawing, twelve individuals are seen (six on each side) who converge towards the centre, occupied by an oval disc, within which is the sun god, richly adorned with a hieroglyphic on the forehead, which may be the "divine or creative nose," and resting on the back of a tiger (a solar animal) with its tail coiled. Below the disc there are seen two serpents, and on the right of the disc another serpent, larger and more elaborately adorned, which represents Kukulcan, the creator-god and god of the wind, identified with Venus. The twelve personages luxuriously adorned with plumes, turquoise disc on the hip, and complicated sandals, carry darts in their left hand, and in the right hand the Nahua, or Toltec instrument called *atlatl*, which served for throwing darts. Opposite the mouth of some of the personages in this row and the following there is seen a hieroglyph

in the form of a scroll identified as "the sign of the word," or the voice.

In the second row there are, on the left, seven personages, without weapons and richly adorned with turbans and plumes. All are seated, and they seem to represent wise men or counsellors; on the right side there are six more, who, with the previous ones, form a total of thirteen, a mystic and favourite number of the American Indians; these six are likewise seated and wear big plumes, and also ornaments in the nose. In the centre there is a most interesting combination—a personage covered with jade or precious green stones emerging from the stylised throat of a serpent. Opposite him is the famous Bearded Man, seated on the body of a plumed serpent, the head of which is seen above, with the jaws gaping open and the tongue two-pointed. The personage in question has his hair plaited in the form of a crown.

there is seen a tiger with sumptuous trappings, beneath a strange figure which appears to be the stylised form of a serpent's jaws. All the personages, like those of the top row, carry darts in the left hand, and an *atlatl*—the symbol of strength—in the right hand. They are brilliantly apparelled and appear to be speaking. The one on the right of the tiger is applying his *atlatl* to the animal's head, while the figure on the left is holding his rod of office upright, with its lower end on the ground.

In the centre of the lowest row, stretched out as if dead and covered with jade, is the same god who, in the second row, is seen emerging from the serpent's throat. The recumbent body is embraced by the coils of an elegant two-headed serpent with enormous curved fangs and a tongue in the form of a stone knife, the symbol of light. The two-headed serpent symbolises day and night, life and death. At the sides there are some human figures, and, farther on, trees and branches with flowers and fruit as symbols of agriculture and life, which emanate from the dead god. Altogether, it may be believed that the scene represents ceremonies of worship of the solar god and the Venus god (Kukulcan), in order to ensure their rain of gifts upon the people in the form of agricultural produce. It must be repeated that in their days of glory (in the fourteenth century of our era), these reliefs were painted in the brightest and most effectively combined colours.

All along the foot of the parallel walls which form the stadium or principal Ball Court of Chichen is a stone seat with a sloping front on which are beautiful reliefs, comparable in style and technique with those already described. The drawing (Fig. 3) represents a ceremony of agricultural propitiation, in which the influence of the Toltec and Mexican rites is manifest. Thirteen personages, elegantly adorned, and carrying in their hands a kind of ceremonial vase with a tiger's head, stand on either side of a central composition in which there is seen a decapitated man half-kneeling on the ground, and from whose headless neck emerge seven serpents with double-pointed tongues. From some of these serpents sprout branches with flowers and fruits. In front of the decapitated body there is seen a disc on which is delineated a skull, a sign of the goddess of death, or of the earth and agriculture. The seven serpents clearly indicate that a ceremony of agricultural propitiation is here represented, because among the ancient Mexicans the goddess of agriculture bore the name of "Chicome-Cohuatl"—that is to say, "Seven Serpents." This induces the archaeologist, Señor Palacios, to believe that the ball games of ancient America were connected with ceremonies of agricultural propitiation.

In the southern part of the Ball Court, Miguel Angel Fernandez found in 1923 an enormous monolith, which has the form of a large ring for a ball to pass through. There he identified a ceremony of agricultural propitiation, similar to that which has just been described, and a series of chronographic hieroglyphs,

giving a date of the eleventh Cycle of the Mayas, corresponding, perhaps, according to Señor Palacios, to the year 1367 of our era. Probably it refers to the date of construction of the Ball Court and the adjoining buildings. Accepting the theory of Señor Palacios, in an unillustrated article published in a Mexican newspaper, I have offered evidence that these buildings correspond to the epoch of the famous League of Mayapan—formed by the cities of Uxmal, Mayapan, and Chichen, to-day all in ruins—which constituted an admirable nucleus of progress in the last days of the life of the ancient Maya people. For this reason, importance attaches to the date drawn and originally read by Señor Fernandez.

[Continued opposite.]



I. ON THE BACK OF THE TIGER-SHAPED ALTAR (ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 15) DISCOVERED IN THE TEMPLE OF KUKULCAN AT CHICHEN ITZA: A SOLAR DISC INLAID WITH TURQUOISE ON A WOODEN BASE (TO REPRESENT FOUR SERPENT HEADS—ONE AT EACH END OF THE CROSSED DIAMETERS) ON WHICH WERE FOUND A VOTIVE NECKLACE AND TRACES OF BURNT INCENSE.

His nose is straight and long and is tattooed. His beard is abundant. His body is covered with a simple tunic. Apparently he is the supreme chief identified with Kukulcan—that is, he bears the name of the creator-god and invokes the divinity that emerges from the throat of the stylised serpent. The historical data speak of a warrior and pontifical chief who reached Yucatan about the eleventh or twelfth century, coming from the Toltec region, and bore the name of Kukulcan (Precious or Plumed Serpent). The figure just described, according to Señor Palacios, may be an effigy or portrait of him.

In the third row there are five personages on each side, turning their faces towards the centre, where

HUMAN SACRIFICE AT MAYA HARVEST RITES: CHICHEN ITZA RELIEFS.

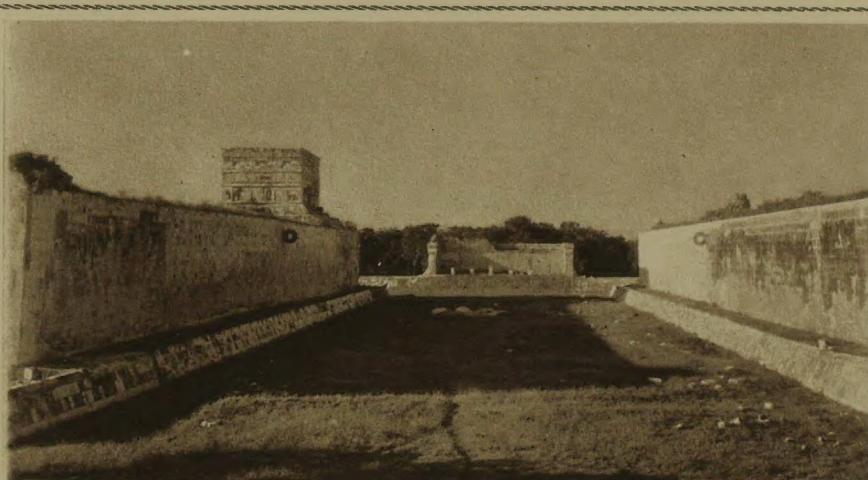
ILLUSTRATIONS NOS. 2, 3, AND 4 FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE MEXICAN DEPARTMENT OF MONUMENTS (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE). NO. 5 SUPPLIED BY DR. THOMAS GANN, LECTURER ON CENTRAL AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.



2. ANCIENT MAYA FERTILITY RITES IN HONOUR OF THE GOD KUKULCAN AND THE SUN-GOD, AS REPRESENTED IN A MAGNIFICENT RELIEF ON A WALL IN THE TEMPLE OF THE BEARDED MAN (SEEN KNEELING JUST TO RIGHT OF THE CENTRAL FIGURE) BESIDE THE PRINCIPAL BALL COURT AT CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN (SEEN BELOW IN FIG. 4): A DRAWING BY M. A. FERNANDEZ.



3. SHOWING (TO RIGHT OF THE CENTRAL DISC, BEARING A SKULL) A DECAPITATED MAN FROM WHOSE NECK SPRING SEVEN SERPENTS, SYMBOLIC OF THE ANCIENT MEXICAN GODDESS OF AGRICULTURE, AND (TO LEFT OF THE DISC) A PRIEST HOLDING THE SEVERED HEAD: A DRAWING BY M. A. FERNANDEZ OF A RELIEF ON THE SLOPING FRONT OF PART OF THE STONE SEATS IN THE BALL COURT (SEE FIGS. 4 AND 5 BELOW) PROBABLY REPRESENTING A HARVEST SACRIFICE.



4. THE PRINCIPAL BALL COURT (FOR THE GAME OF TLAXTLI) AT CHICHEN ITZA, BESIDE WHICH STANDS THE TEMPLE OF THE BEARDED MAN (SEE FIG. 2 ABOVE): A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE STONE SEATS (BEARING THE RELIEF SEEN IN FIGS. 3 AND 4) AND HIGH ON EACH WALL A RING THROUGH WHICH THE BALL HAD TO PASS IN THE COURSE OF A GAME.

Continued.]

Finally, in the interior chamber of the pyramid of the Temple of Kukulcan, commonly known by the name of The Castle, there was found an ancient temple of two small chambers. In the front chamber there is seen a *chac mool*, or recumbent figure, perhaps that of a solar divinity, and in the inner chamber, which was filled with stone and closed with a wall of earth, a beautiful stone tiger painted vermilion red and with a realistic and imposing aspect of ferocity (see illustrations on page 15). His eyes are two half-spheres of very beautiful green jade, well polished. The spots on his body (it must be borne in mind that the Mexican tiger is in reality the jaguar) are represented by means of incrusted circular jade stones, 74 or 73 in number, according to the investigators. It is possible that they may be 73, a very important number in the calendar of the ancient Americans. The tiger served as an altar: on his back there was discovered incrusted a very beautiful solar disc (Fig. 1) made of turquoise mosaic, burnt by the fire of the last ceremony, perhaps one of propitiation, which preceded the filling-up of the temple, on which another one was built, the ruins of which are still admired. When Señors Manuel Cícerol and José A. Eroza Peniche, who were entrusted with the excavations,

[Continued above on right.]

removed the last débris from the chamber and discovered the casing which had been formed with stones around the tiger, in order to protect it in its sepulchre for all eternity, they observed on the already burnt disc a heap of *copalli*—the incense of the Indians—and a rich offering in the form of a jade and coral necklace, and a small head, likewise of jade, 4 centimetres (1½ inches) in height and artistically polished. These were the traces of the last ceremony of deconsecration or propitiation which the priests of that cruel and picturesque religion carried out when the use of the temple was about to be abandoned and it was to be buried beneath the pile of the new one. The stone tiger, which was closely connected with the cult of the sun, and the fangs of which are authentic jaguar teeth, was carved in a single block of stone. Its length was 845 millimetres (33½ inches); the height of the body 490 millimetres (19½ inches), and the height of the head alone, 220 millimetres (8½ inches).



5. THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE ACTUAL RELIEF OF WHICH A DRAWING APPEARS IN FIG. 3: A DETAIL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING (RIGHT) THE DECAPITATED MAN, WITH HIS BLOOD SPURTING OUT IN THE FORM OF SEVEN SERPENTS, AND (LEFT) THE PRIEST HOLDING THE SEVERED HEAD, ON EITHER SIDE OF A DISC BEARING A SKULL.

FROM A LATELY DISCOVERED CHEST:
A TREASURE OF 9,000 PIECES—
MAYA CARVINGS, MOSAICS, AND RITUAL SPEAR-HEADS.



HOW A MAYA TREASURE WAS FOUND: THE ENTRANCE (RIGHT) TO A TUNNEL BENEATH THE CASTLE AT CHICHEN ITZA—SHOWING (LEFT) A GUARDIAN SERPENT.



FROM THE MAYA TREASURE-CHEST: A JADE BAS-RELIEF SHOWING A SEATED MAN BETWEEN THE JAWS OF A MONSTER, WHOSE EYES AND RIGHT TUSK ARE VISIBLE.



A HEAD CARVED IN JADE, AND APPARENTLY HOLLOW, WITH A HOLE FOR SUSPENSION: ANOTHER MAYA RELIC FROM THE GREAT TREASURE-CHEST.



CEREMONIAL FLINT SPEAR-HEADS OF UNUSUALLY LARGE SIZE AND BEAUTIFUL WORKMANSHIP: RELICS OF ANCIENT MAYA RITES FROM THE TREASURE-CHEST FOUND AT THE CASTLE, CHICHEN ITZA.



A LARGE JADE PECTORAL SHOWING A STANDING HUMAN FIGURE EMERGING FROM THE OPEN MOUTH OF A MONSTER: AN EXAMPLE FROM THE CHEST.



A ROUND WOODEN PLAQUE WITH A MOSAIC OF TURQUOISE, JADE, AND SHELL, FOUR OF THE EIGHT PANELS DEPICTING A PLUMED SERPENT-GOD.



JADE CARVINGS: EXAMPLES FROM NEARLY 10,000 PIECES IN THE CHEST—"ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CACHES OF TREASURE EVER FOUND IN THE MAYA AREA."

Describing the Chichen Itza researches at a slightly earlier stage than that recorded by Señor Ramos on page 12, Dr. Thomas Gann writes: "Some very important discoveries were made by Mexican Government archaeologists by running tunnels through the substructures of the buildings. The most interesting was beneath the great stone-faced pyramid, nearly 100 ft. high, on which stands the Castillo. Thirty feet from the entrance, the side of a second pyramid was encountered, and it became evident that the present pyramid had been built over an older structure. On tunnelling beneath the stairway an altar-like structure was encountered, and on excavating the floor in front a rectangular stone box, measuring 3 by 2½ ft., and 19 in. high, was disclosed. This was covered by a massive

stone lid, on removing which one of the most remarkable caches of treasure ever found in the Maya area was brought to light. The box contained nearly 10,000 pieces, chiefly of jade and turquoise, with mosaics in obsidian, jade, turquoise, and red shell, and finely chipped ceremonial flint spear-heads of remarkable size. The jades are apple-green, and vary from gorgets 6 inches long to small beads and masks. The high quality of the jade and the skill of the workmanship indicate that these pieces were products of the Old Empire, and probably antedate the temple itself by six or seven centuries, having been handed down as heirlooms in noble Maya families, till some special occasion arose, such as the dedication of this temple, when the priests commanded them as offerings to the god."

THE "TIGER-ALTAR" AT CHICHEN ITZA: A JADE-SPOTTED STONE JAGUAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE MEXICAN DEPARTMENT OF MONUMENTS. (SEE ARTICLE BY SEÑOR C. L. RAMOS ON PAGE 12.)



A STONE JAGUAR (OR MEXICAN TIGER) PAINTED RED, WITH INLAID JADE CIRCLES REPRESENTING ITS SPOTS, AND ON THE FLAT BACK, FORMING AN ALTAR, A SOLAR DISC (FIG. 1, PAGE 12) THAT BORE TRACES OF THE LAST OFFERING. (33½ IN. LONG.)



IN THE TWO-CHAMBERED SHRINE FOUND WITHIN THE TEMPLE OF KUKULCAN AT CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN: (IN FRONT) A RECLINING STONE FIGURE, OR *chac mool*, PERHAPS A SOLAR GOD; (AT BACK) THE TIGER-ALTAR SEEN IN THE ADJOINING AND UPPER PHOTOGRAPHS.

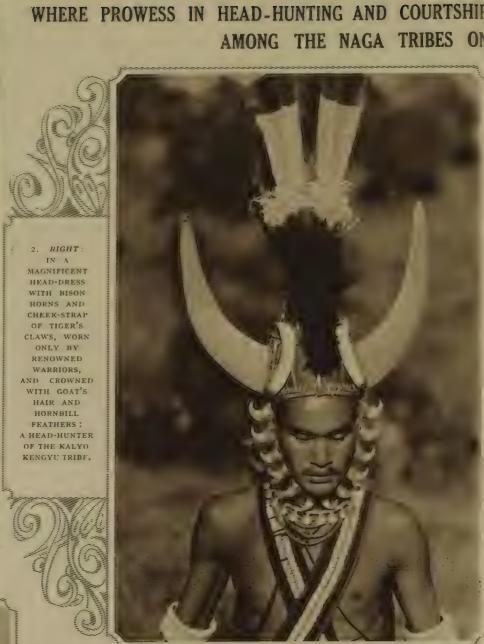


THE REMARKABLE TIGER-ALTAR RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE TEMPLE OF KUKULCAN: ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING DETAIL OF THE FEROCIOUS HEAD AND REALISTIC JAGUAR-TEETH, WITH PART OF THE SOLAR DISC (INLAID WITH TURQUOISE) ON THE BACK.

In his article on page 12, Señor C. L. Ramos describes fully the interesting objects illustrated above. On the same page is also a photograph of the solar disc visible on the flat back of the stone tiger, forming an altar, shown in the above photographs. It was in a small shrine recently discovered within the Temple of Kukulcan, commonly called The Castle. The tiger (more properly termed a jaguar) was painted vermilion-red. The eyes are of polished green

jade, and the spots on the body are represented by small inlaid discs of jade. On the large solar disc on the back were remains of incense, and a necklace of jade and coral, with a small jade head, relics of the last offerings made when the shrine was abandoned and buried beneath a new temple. In the front chamber was found the recumbent stone statue, or *chac mool*, seen in the lower left illustration above, possibly representing a solar divinity.

WHERE PROWESS IN HEAD-HUNTING AND COURTSHIP AMONG THE NAGA TRIBES ON

IS SYMBOLISED IN ORNAMENT: PICTURESQUE TYPES
THE ASSAM—BURMA BORDER.1. WEARING ON HIS HEAD A BROAD BAND OF SPLIT BAMBOO AND IN HIS EARS HORNS OF THE SEROW (*Capricornis*, A GOAT-LIKE ANIMAL): A KONYAK NAGA CHIEF.

2. RIGHT: IN A MAGNIFICENT HEAD-DRESS WITH BISON HORNS AND CHEEK-STRAP OF TIGER'S CLAWS, WORN ONLY BY RENOWNED WARRIORS, AND CROWNED WITH TIGER'S HAIR AND HORNBILL FEATHERS: A HEAD-HUNTER OF THE KALYO KENGYU TRIBE.



5. WEARING A BRASS NECKLACE, ONLY PERMITTED TO HEAD-HUNTERS, ADORNED WITH FIVE SMALL HEADS REPRESENTING THE NUMBER OF HIS VICTIMS: AN OLD NAGA BELONGING TO THE KONYAK TRIBE.



6. WITH A CARVED HEAD (AS PENDANT), SYMBOL OF A HEAD-HUNTER: A KONYAK NAGA OF BAPERA.



3. WITH BREAST-TATTOO: A FLEUR-DE-LIS FLANKED BY LIZARDS INDICATING THAT HE HAS TAKEN MORE THAN TWO HEADS: A CHANG NAGA.



4. SHOWING A FLAT PIECE OF RED WOOD ATTACHED TO THE HAIR-KNOT AT THE BACK OF THE HEAD: A KONYAK NAGA OF JOBOKA, A WAR-LIKE VILLAGE, IN HIS CURIOUS HEAD-DRESS.



7. WEARING "HAIR FROM HIS LADY-LOVE'S HEAD" SUSPENDED FROM A CURVED HORN, INSTEAD OF WAR TROPHIES: A CHANG NAGA OF TUENSANG, WHERE IT IS NOT ETIQUETTE FOR A MAN TO WEAR HIS WIFE'S HAIR.



8. SHOWING HIS LARGE EAR-ORNAMENTS TASSELED WITH YAK'S HAIR, A MATERIAL TRADED DOWN FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO THE NAGA HILLS: A KONYAK NAGA FROM A VILLAGE NEAR THE ASSAM PLAINS.

In our last issue we published an illustrated article of great interest and ethnological value, by Baron Christoph von Füller-Haimendorf, describing his experiences with a British punitive expedition against slave-raiders in a remote region of the Naga Hills, on the borders of Assam and Burma. The offenders

were the Kalyo Kengyu, an unknown community. Their village was burnt, and they were compelled to release their prisoners. In the unexplored areas the expedition was aided by another tribe, the Chang. Types of both these tribes appear among the above photographs. Others represent the

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Konyak Nagas, already known, and visited by the expedition on the way to and from the disturbed area. The author's note on Photograph No. 2 states: "Only warriors of great renown are entitled to wear a pair of bison horns and a cheek-strap of tiger's claws." The Konyak Naga in No. 6

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wears a serow horn in the ear and human hair on his head-dress of bearskin and boar's tusks. Concerning the man in No. 7, wearing "hair from the head of his lady-love," the author adds: "This is a favourite ornament of Chang Don Juans. It is not etiquette to wear the hair of one's own wife."

THE LOVELACE COLLECTION OF CANALETTO AND BELLOTTO FOR SALE.

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"ROME: THE ARCH OF TITUS."—BY BERNARDO
BELLOTTO (B. 1720 or 1724. D. 1780).—[38 by 29 inches.]



"VENICE: THE MARRIAGE OF VENICE AND THE ADRIATIC."—
BY CANALETTO (1697-1768).—[58½ by 53 inches.]



"ROME: PORTA SANTO SPIRITO."—BY BERNARDO
BELLOTTO.—[38 by 29 inches.]



"ROME: VIEW OF THE SQUARE OF THE LATERAN."—BY ANTONIO CANALE
(CANALETTO).—[24 by 38 inches.]



"LANDSCAPE CAPRICCIO WITH A BRIDGE AND LOCK."—BY ANTONIO CANALE
(KNOWN AS CANALETTO).—[32 by 45½ inches.]



"LANDSCAPE CAPRICCIO, WITH RUINS."—BY CANALETTO.
[60 by 55 inches.]



"LANDSCAPE CAPRICCIO, WITH A LARGE PALACE."—
BY CANALETTO.—[52 by 42 inches.]



"ARCHITECTURAL CAPRICCIO: A VENETIAN LANDSCAPE."—
BY CANALETTO.—[59 by 53 inches.]

The works here illustrated will figure in Sotheby's large galleries on July 13, being included in the important paintings of the Venetian Settecento, etc., including a fine series of landscapes by Antonio Canale (Canaletto), which are then to come under the hammer. With regard to certain of them, we give the following notes. The series of pictures by Canaletto—eight lots—are thus mentioned: "The presence of these paintings in an eighteenth-century English collection [that of the Earl of Lovelace] is of particular interest in view of the close connection which is well known to have existed between Antonio Canale and his contemporary

English patrons." Of the "Landscape Capriccio with a Bridge and Lock," it is written: "...Buildings visible across the Lagoon on the right, and a Chapel slightly reminiscent of Eton College Chapel on the left. Signed 'A.C. 1754.'" With regard to the "Landscape Capriccio, with Ruins," it is noted that the buildings include one reminiscent of the Colleoni Monument at Venice. Bernardo Bellotto, it may be recalled, was the nephew of Antonio Canale, whose name he adopted and by whom he was instructed in art. Following his uncle, he painted outstanding architectural and perspective views.



"CLEOPATRA": A PORTRAIT BASED ON THE BRITISH MUSEUM BUST AND PROFILES ON HER COINS, SHOWING NO GREAT PHYSICAL BEAUTY AND SUGGESTING THAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN RATHER HER WIT AND CHARM THAT CAPTIVATED HER LOVERS.



"THE QUEEN OF KING TETA" (SIXTH DYNASTY): A PORTRAIT FROM A CAST FOUND IN HIS PYRAMID AND A CARVED STONE FRAGMENT SHOWING A QUEEN'S CAP WITH A COBRA INSTEAD OF THE USUAL VULTURE (SYMBOL OF MOTHERHOOD).



ONE OF MANY MAGNIFICENT PECTORALS FOUND IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: A TYPE OF BREAST ORNAMENT WORN BY ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KINGS IN GREAT VARIETY AND OFTEN INCLUDING A SCARAB (BEETLE), ARTICULATED IN CAREFUL DETAIL, WITH SOLAR AND LUNAR DISKS.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN "RECONSTRUCTION" PORTRAITS, AND A TUTANKHAMEN JEWEL: PAINTINGS FROM THE WINIFRED BRUNTON EXHIBITION AT THE ARLINGTON GALLERIES.

Winifred Brunton's first London exhibition included the first of her portraits of the Kings and Queens of ancient Egypt, now published in two volumes by Hodder and Stoughton. This year's exhibition at the Arlington Galleries (just closed) was her seventh London show, and contained a few more such portraits, including that of Zoser, King of Egypt in the Third Dynasty, perhaps the age of greatest human progress until modern times. Tutankhamen's jewels were the feature of her last exhibition three years ago, and more such studies were included in the recent show, among them the two famous daggers. The desert has always had a special attraction for her, and she showed several views of the valleys near Cairo and among the Theban hills. Her flower paintings are an attempt to represent the form and rhythm of the growing plant, and a break-away from the traditional

painting of cut flowers in vases. Other subjects are the poor folk of Cairo, their types, attitudes and features, so despised by the upper classes of Egypt to-day, yet so truly representative of the immemorial East. Winifred Brunton, though chiefly concerned nowadays with Egypt, spent her youth in South Africa. Her father, Charles Newberry, was one of the pioneers, and brought up his family in the Orange Free State. She could draw long before she could write. Her first lessons in painting were from Frank Leslie, brother of the R.A., and later she studied at Cope's School in Kensington. In 1906 she married Guy Brunton. After a few years in Johannesburg they joined Sir Flinders Petrie's excavations in Egypt. Later they started digging on their own account, under the ægis of the British Museum. Then Guy Brunton became assistant curator of the Museum of Antiquities in Cairo.



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN AS SEEN BY A SPANISH ARTIST WITH FRANCO: A GOVERNMENT TANK CAPTURED ON THE VIZCAYA FRONT NEAR DURANGO, AND INSCRIBED "DO NOT SHOOT YOUR BROTHERS."

From time to time during the past year or so we have published, in black and white, a number of drawings by Carlos de Tejada, an artist on General Franco's side, illustrating incidents and typical combatants in the Civil War. Here we reproduce a further example of his work, this time in colour. It represents even more forcibly his broad and dramatic treatment of a grim subject, in a style marked by very distinctive originality. In a note on the above drawing

the artist states: "It shows a tank captured from the Red troops by the forces of General Franco on the Vizcaya front, on the way to Durango. Note the inscription, 'No tirar hermanos' ('Do not shoot your brothers'), made on the tank by the Socialists. The letters 'U. H. P.' stand for 'Union Hermanos Proletarios' ('Union of Proletarian Brothers'). In the foreground is a shell-hole." As recorded in our last issue, Bilbao fell to Franco's forces on June 19.

VETERANS' ANTI-AMNESTY RIOTS IN BRUSSELS.



WHEN BELGIAN EX-SERVICEMEN RIOTED AGAINST THE AMNESTY FOR PERSONS CONVICTED OF HELPING THE ENEMY DURING THE WAR: A GROUP OF MEN WHO SAT DOWN AND LAY ON THE GROUND TO RESIST THE POLICE.



THE RIOTS PROVOKED IN BRUSSELS BY INDIGNATION AMONG WAR VETERANS AGAINST THE AMNESTY FOR "WAR TRAITORS": GENDARMES WITH BATONS DRAWN OPPOSING RIOTERS OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE.

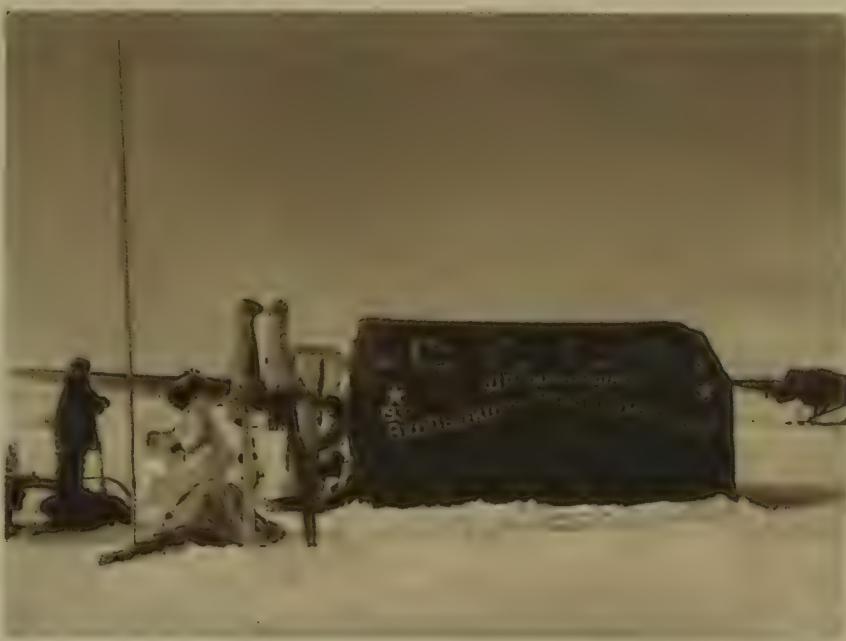


THE EX-SERVICEMEN'S RIOTS IN BRUSSELS: RAILINGS TORN DOWN BY THE DEMONSTRATORS IN THEIR EFFORTS TO REACH THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES; A SPOT WHERE MANY WERE INJURED.

Rioting broke out in Brussels on June 23, when 15,000 ex-Servicemen and war widows marched through the streets to demonstrate against the granting of an amnesty to Belgians condemned for support given to the enemy during the war. The fighting occurred when war veterans tried to break the lines of police guarding the approaches to Government offices. Demands were made for the resignation of the Government. Finally 400 ex-soldiers lay down on the pavements in front of the Royal Palace, demanding that King Leopold should receive a deputation. In the evening the King consented to see four men, and thereafter the men in front of the Royal Palace dispersed. The procession had formed at 2 p.m. to march past the Unknown Warrior's Tomb. When a motor-lorry, bearing portraits of Belgians executed by the German authorities during the war, forced its way through the ranks of police guarding Government buildings, some demonstrators followed and fighting ensued. Railings surrounding the Government buildings were smashed, but the police cleared the streets and access to the Chamber of Deputies was prevented.

THE SOVIET OCCUPIES THE NORTH POLE.

We give here some of the first photographs of the Soviet Air Expedition at the North Pole to be taken at their Polar Camp. The Expedition has been organised to make scientific observations—notably with regard to weather conditions. A photograph of M. Papanin, leader of the party of four who are remaining at the North Pole for a year, appears on our "Personalities" page. The translation of the inscription on the tent, seen above, reads: "Drifting Expedition of the Main North Sea Route—1937." Great enthusiasm has been evoked in the Soviet by the achievements of this expedition. Professor Schmidt, the leader, Spirin, Shevelev, Papanin, Alexeiff, Mazuruk, Golovin and Babushkin have been given the title of "Hero of the Soviet Union" and the Order of Lenin. Vodopyanoff (who piloted the aeroplane bearing the party to the North Pole), and Molokoff received the Order of Lenin, Second Class. All of them were, further, presented with a sum amounting to about £1000 a piece. Sixteen of their collaborators received the Order of Lenin; thirteen others the Order of the Red Star, and six the Order of the Red Banner of Labour, with corresponding pecuniary awards.



A PEACEFUL AND SUNNY SCENE AT THE NORTH POLE: A TENT OF THE SOVIET ARCTIC EXPEDITION; WITH GEAR BEING ARRANGED, AND AEROPLANES BEHIND; AND, BEYOND, THE POLAR WASTES.



ANOTHER IDYLLIC-LOOKING "SUMMER DAY" AT THE NORTH POLE: A FILM OPERATOR PHOTOGRAPHING TWO STANDARDS SET UP BY THE EXPEDITION, ONE OF WHICH BEARS AN EFFIGY OF STALIN, WITH UNGLOVED HANDS!

GREAT PROTAGONISTS OF WIMBLEDON:
IN ACTION, AND

MISS ALICE MARBLE (U.S.A.)



G. VON CRAMM (GERMANY).



J. D. BUDGE (U.S.A.).

STARS OF THE CENTRE COURT SEEN
ROYAL SPECTATORS.

H. W. AUSTIN (GREAT BRITAIN)



T. A. PARKER (U.S.A.).

MISS M. C. SCRIVEN (G.B.—LEFT) AND
MISS K. STAMMERS (G.B.)

MILLE J. JEDRZEJOWSKA (POLAND).



THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON DURING THE ALL-ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS: A TYPICAL VIEW DURING THE MATCH IN WHICH H. HENKEL (GERMANY—ON THE FAR SIDE) BEAT C. E. HARE (GREAT BRITAIN) IN THE FOURTH ROUND OF THE SINGLES.



IN THE ROYAL BOX: QUEEN MARY, WHO VISITED WIMBLEDON MORE THAN ONCE TO WATCH THE PLAY.



SEÑORITA A. LIZANA (CHILE).



MISS DOROTHY ROUND (GREAT BRITAIN).



FRU S. SPERLING (DENMARK).



MISS HELEN JACOBS (U.S.A.).

IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE CENTRE COURT:
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

As our central photograph indicates, the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon have once again proved a magnet of immense popular interest. Not only have the public stands at the Centre Court been crowded to "capacity," but the Royal Box has also been well filled. Queen Mary paid her second visit on June 28, when she saw the match in which H. W. Austin succeeded in getting through to represent Great Britain in

the semi-final of the Singles, by beating B. M. Grant (U.S.A.). The Duchess of Kent has also been among the royal onlookers at the Centre Court. The other three semi-finalists in the Singles are: J. D. Budge (U.S.A.), who in the fifth round beat V. B. McGrath (Australia); G. von Cramm (Germany), who beat J. H. Crawford (Australia); and F. A. Parker (U.S.A.), who beat H. Henkel (Germany). In the fourth round Henkel had beaten C. E. Hare

(Great Britain)—the match shown in progress in the large illustration above. In the fourth round of the Women's Singles, Miss Marble, the present champion of the U.S.A., beat Mrs. M. R. Conquerque (Netherlands); Mlle. Jedrzejowska beat Mrs. D. B. Andrus (U.S.A.); Mme. Mathieu beat Mrs. M. R. King (Great Britain); Miss Helen Jacobs (U.S.A.), last year's Champion, beat Miss A. A. Wright (Great Britain); Miss Scriven, who is left-handed, beat

Miss K. E. Stammers; Señorita Lizana beat Miss Betty Nuttall (Great Britain); Fru Sperling, formerly Frl. Krahwinkel, beat Miss A. G. Curtis (Great Britain); and Miss Dorothy Round, who was Champion in 1934, beat Comtesse de la Valdene (France). In the fifth round of the Women's Singles, Mlle. Jedrzejowska beat Miss Scriven, Mme. Mathieu beat Señorita Lizana, Miss Marble beat Fru Sperling, and Miss Round beat Miss Jacobs.

FIFTEEN-TON "HORNETS" WHICH CAN KEEP THE SEAS IN ALL WEATHERS: THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE BRITISH POWER BOAT COMPANY AND BY PERMISSION

NEW 60-FT. TORPEDO-BOATS.

OF THE ADMIRALTY.



CAPABLE OF PASSING THROUGH MINEFIELDS IN ORDER TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK, AND POSSESSING QUALITIES WHICH MAY MAKE THEM AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON AGAINST THE AIR AND SUBMARINE MENACE: THE NEW MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS, RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BRITISH NAVY, WHICH ARE REMARKABLE FOR THEIR ACCOMMODATION AND SEAWORTHINESS IN HEAVY WEATHER—DIAGRAMMATIC DETAILS.

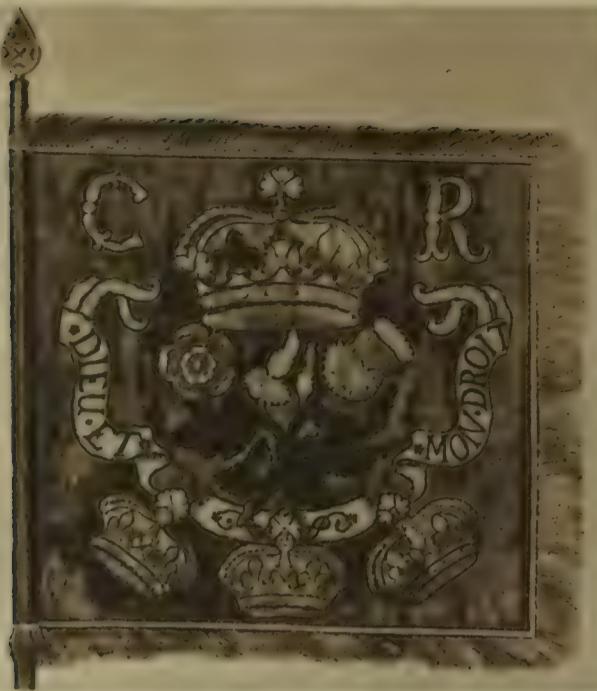
The new motor torpedo-boats recently added to the British Navy were seen by members of the public when they formed an escort for his Majesty the King as he proceeded down river to open the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich on April 27; and one of them was inspected by King Edward VIII. last year. On June 22 a flotilla of these boats left Portsmouth en route for Malta, where they will be tested in the Mediterranean. On these pages, we are enabled to show for the first time details of these small war vessels, several of which are in commission, while a considerable number are on

order. They have been designed and developed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, of the British Power Boat Company, of Hythe, Southampton, and are the first fast motor torpedo-boats ordered by the Admiralty since the Coastal Motor-Boats of the war period. Unlike the craft used during the war, the new boats have proved themselves to be excellent sea boats in very heavy weather. Each motor torpedo-boat is 60 ft. in length, is of approximately 15 tons, and carries a crew of two officers and eight men. The boats are driven by three twelve-cylinder Power-Napier engines, each of

500 h.p., and have three propellers, giving a full speed of over forty knots. The armament consists of multiple machine-guns; and each boat carries two 18-inch torpedoes. The craft may also be fitted to carry depth-charges. Considering the size of the boats, the accommodation is remarkable, and sufficient provisions, water and fuel can be carried to enable them to keep at sea continuously for a fortnight. It is probable that these boats will prove an effective counter to the air and submarine menace; while their shallow draught will permit them to cross minefields to make torpedo attacks

either at night or under the cover of a smoke-screen—their great speed and the small target they present enabling them to escape afterwards. Further, there are also numerous other duties of a confidential nature which would come within their sphere of usefulness on active service. It is quite probable that the experience gained after these boats have been thoroughly tried out under service conditions during manoeuvres with the Mediterranean Fleet will lead to many developments, including an increase in size and speed and the provision of larger offensive weapons.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NOTABLE OCCASIONS IN PICTURES.



A CHARLES II. ARMY STANDARD PRESERVED AT EDINBURGH
A RELIC OF THE SCOTTISH TROOP OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

An interesting relic of the old Life Guards has recently been added to the National Naval and Military Museum in Edinburgh Castle. It is the standard of the Troop which was formed "for the honour of his Majestie's service and the grandeur of the hie court of Parliament" in Edinburgh, in 1661.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Scottish National Naval and Military Museum.]



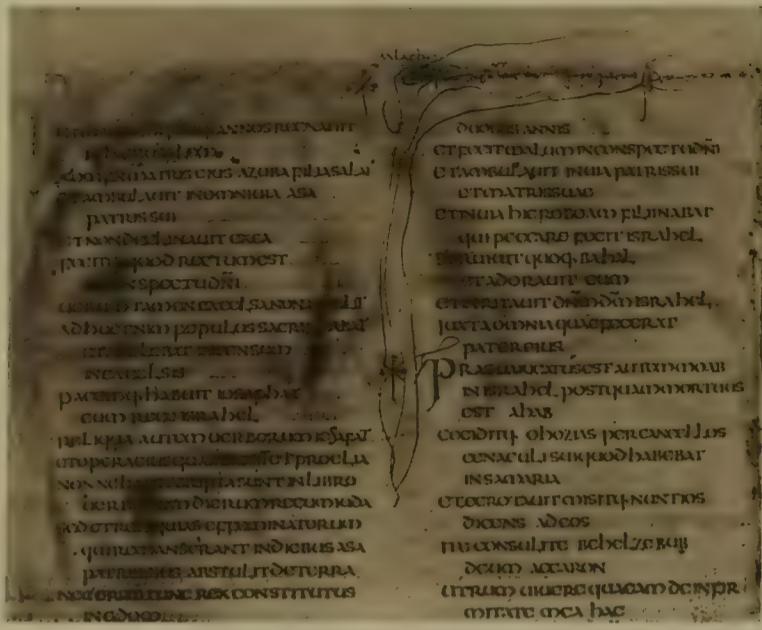
THE FUNERAL OF SIR ROBERT BORDEN: BEARING THE COFFIN OF CANADA'S WAR-TIME PREMIER OUT OF ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, OTTAWA.

The State funeral of Sir Robert Borden, Canada's war-time Premier, was held at All Saints' Church, Ottawa, on June 12. The King and Queen were represented by the Chief Justice of Canada, Sir Lyman Duff. The pall-bearers were four members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and four Canadian war veterans.



THE ANCIENT MACE OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S: THE HEAD WITH GEORGE III'S MONOGRAM.

The Mace of the Irish House of Commons from 1765 to 1801, which devolved to the last Speaker, John Foster (afterwards Lord Oriel), fetched £3100 at Christie's on June 22. The mace is a massive silver-gilt piece. It was bought by Mr. L. C. Bonham, acting for the Bank of Ireland.



A HISTORIC RELIC OF EARLY BRITISH SCHOLARSHIP WHICH IT IS HOPE TO ACQUIRE FOR THE NATION: ONE OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED LEAVES OF AN EIGHTH-CENTURY LATIN BIBLE—PART OF THE BOOK OF KINGS. (19 BY 13½ IN.)



IN THE NEW SCULPTURE GALLERIES AT THE TATE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE STATUE OF "HOMO SAPIENS," BY MAURICE LAMBERT.

We illustrate below the King and Queen leaving the Tate Gallery, Millbank, after opening the new sculpture halls there. These house both British and foreign work. The statues at the Victoria and Albert Museum, including the large Rodin collection and the many works of Mestrovic, have been transferred to the Tate.



THE FUNERAL OF SIR JAMES BARRIE: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE CHURCH AT KIRRIE MUIR, THE ORIGINAL OF "THRUMS."

Sir James Barrie was buried at Kirriemuir, his birthplace and the original of his famous town of "Thrums," on June 24. He was laid close beside the graves of his father and mother. Standing near by was Mr. Peter Davies, who is held to have been the original of "Peter Pan." Among the wreaths was one inscribed "Love from Mary Rose," and another from "Elisabeth"—Miss Elisabeth Bergner—and from her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner.



THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE NEW DUVEEN SCULPTURE SECTION OF THE TATE GALLERY: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

On June 29 their Majesties the King and Queen visited the Tate Gallery and opened the Duveen sculpture section. In his speech the King paid tribute to the generosity of Lord Duveen and referred to the Sculpture Galleries as the finest in the world. "The Trustees," he said, "are to be congratulated upon the gifts they have received from Mr. Samuel Courtauld, the National Art Collections Fund, and the Contemporary Art Society." After the ceremony their Majesties toured the galleries.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD RECORDED BY CAMERA.



INAUGURATING THE PENNY-HALFPENNY AIR MAIL TO SOUTH AFRICA AND BRITISH TERRITORIES ON THE ROUTE: THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

On June 29 the Postmaster-General, Major Tryon, inaugurated the air-mail scheme whereby first-class mail is carried between South Africa and the United Kingdom without surcharge at the rate of a penny-halfpenny per half-ounce for letters and a penny for post-cards. The services will be run twice weekly in each direction between England and Durban and three times weekly between England and Kisumu. The first air mails left Southampton in the Imperial Airways flying-boat "Centurion."



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S AQUATIC "BLUEBIRD": PREPARING FOR A TRIAL SPIN IN READINESS FOR AN ATTEMPT ON THE WATER-SPEED RECORD.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the holder of the world's record land-speed at 301.1 m.p.h., is at present at Loch Lomond, where he is preparing to attempt to beat Gar Wood's water-speed record of 128.98 m.p.h. with his boat "Bluebird." "Bluebird" is a 23-ft. single-seater craft with a single screw, and weighs 45 cwt. To give the boat buoyancy without increasing the weight, the forward bulkhead has been filled with 34,560 ping-pong balls.



H.M. THE KING AT THE TEST MATCH: SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.

The King visited Lord's on June 28, the second day's play between England and New Zealand. He went on to the field accompanied by Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, President of the M.C.C., and shook hands with each member of the two teams as they were presented to him by their respective captains. The match, which was a three-day one, resulted in a draw.



THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE SEATED IN HIS LION-HEADED CAR: HIS HIGHNESS IN PROCESSION ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

The fifty-second birthday of his Highness the Maharaja of Mysore was celebrated on June 19 with spectacular magnificence. The festivities continued all day, and in the evening his Highness, accompanied by his nephew, went in a grand procession to the Residency. Here a durbar was held, and then the Maharaja returned to the Palace seated in a decorated car which bore in front a golden lion's head.



FOUNDER'S DAY AT DR. BARNARDO'S: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AMUSED AT HER "GUARD OF HONOUR."

On June 26 the Duchess of Gloucester visited the Girls' Village Home, Barkingside, Essex, where Founder's Day celebrations of Dr. Barnardo's Homes were held. She was received by a "guard of honour" of small children holding Union Jacks, and later saw drill performed by some of the older boys wearing naval uniform. The Duchess was attended by Miss Eva Sandford.



CINEMATIC IN THE COMPLETENESS OF THE DESTRUCTION: THE SCENE AT SWANLEY AFTER THE TRAIN DISASTER IN WHICH FOUR PERSONS WERE KILLED.

On the night of June 27, a train running from Margate to London ran into a siding at Swanley, where it collided with two empty coaches standing there. The engine became embedded in the bank, and the first coach was forced into the air. Although the train carried 300 passengers, only four were killed and eleven detained in hospital with injuries. In view of the force of the impact and the damage sustained by the train, it is remarkable that the death roll was not heavier.



AFTER THEIR NON-STOP TRANS-POLAR FLIGHT FROM MOSCOW TO VANCOUVER, U.S.A.: THE SOVIET AIRMEN (FROM L. TO R.) BYELYAKOFF, CHKALOFF, AND BAIDUKOFF.

These Soviet airmen were photographed after they had landed at Vancouver, Washington State, while attempting to fly non-stop from Moscow to San Francisco. Their route lay across the top of the world, and they actually passed over the North Pole at a height of 14,000 ft. Byelyakoff was the navigator, Chkaloff the chief pilot, and Baidukoff co-pilot. Poor visibility forced them down when they were only 700 miles from their goal.

PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK:

SIR ERIC GEDDES.
Chairman of Imperial Airways and holder of many offices of State. Died June 22; aged sixty-one. During the Great War he became Inspector-General of Transportation in all theatres of war.



SIR GEORGE BEHARRELL.
Appointed Chairman, Imperial Airways and Dunlop Rubber Co. in succession to the late Sir Eric Geddes. Attached, Committee on National Expenditure, 1921-22.



SIR W. C. F. ROBERTSON.
Held important offices in the Colonies. Died June 27; aged seventy. Was Lieut.-Governor and Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta, 1917-23, and Governor of Barbados, 1925-33.



M. PAPANIN.

M. Papanin is leader of the party of four members of the Soviet North Pole Expedition who are remaining at the Pole for a year. He has been decorated for his Arctic work. Photographs of the activities of the Expedition in their camp at the North Pole appear on page 21 of this issue.



CAPTAIN OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY CRICKET XI.: MR. A. P. SINGLETON.
The cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge, which became an annual event after 1838 (the first match took place in 1827), will be played at Lord's on July 5-7.



TO PLAY HARROW AT LORD'S ON JULY 9-10: THE ETON XI.

The annual Eton-Harrow cricket match will be played at Lord's on July 9-10. Our group shows the Eton team and twelfth man; (from. l to r.) Standing: P. H. Thomas, J. L. Darrell, M. W. Pragnell, R. C. de Rougemont, M. Hunt; Seated: J. F. Boughey, F. F. Barnardo, J. P. Mann (capt.), R. M. England, P. A. Walker; On Ground: D. L. Curling, S. M. Banister.



TO PLAY ETON AT LORD'S ON JULY 9-10: THE HARROW XI.

Our group shows: (from l. to r.) Standing: W. G. Stewart, C. A. Halliday, C. J. Sage, W. S. Lithgow, V. A. Carp, D. R. Hayward; Seated: D. W. Stuart, R. A. Holt, M. D. Watson (capt.), D. I. Henriques, and R. N. Seligman.



WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: CAPTAIN BIZARD (ONLY FRENCH ENTRANT) RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM H.M. THE KING.



THE DISASTER TO THE NANGA PARBAT EXPEDITION: SOME OF THE GERMAN MOUNTAINEERS; INCLUDING DR. LUFT (LEFT), A SURVIVOR.

The German expedition which set out to scale Nanga Parbat was recently reported to have been overwhelmed by an avalanche. From left to right in the photograph are seen: Dr. Luft, who escaped, Adolf Göttner, Dr. Gunther Hepp, Karl Troll (who was not with the expedition at the time), and Peter Müllritter. As we write, a slender hope remains that some of the climbers, supposed dead, may have survived.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MR. COLIN CLIVE.
The well-known actor, famous for his rendering of the part of Stanhope in "Journey's End." Died June 25; aged thirty-seven. Later he entered the films, appearing in "History is Made at Night."



SIR CHARLES CLEGG.
President of the Football Association. Died June 26; aged eighty-seven. In early life a fine athlete and footballer, playing for Broomhall, and Sheffield Wednesday.



LORD CRAIG-MYLE.
Former Scottish Law Lord. Died June 29; aged eighty-seven. Lord Advocate for Scotland, 1905-9, and a Lord of Appeal, 1909-29. Served on many Government Committees.



ADMIRAL SIR W. FISHER.
Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. Died June 24; aged sixty-two. Director, Anti-Submarine Division, May 31, 1917; largely responsible for the defeat of the German submarine menace. Commanded Mediterranean Fleet during the period of the Abyssinian War.



CAPTAIN OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET XI.: MR. M. TINDALL.
The Oxford-Cambridge Cricket Match at Lord's on July 5-7 continues a series of which Cambridge has won 46 to Oxford's 37 and 15 have been drawn.

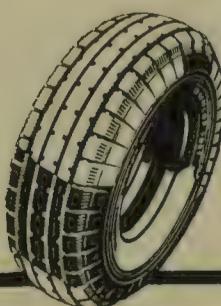


FAMOUS FORTS

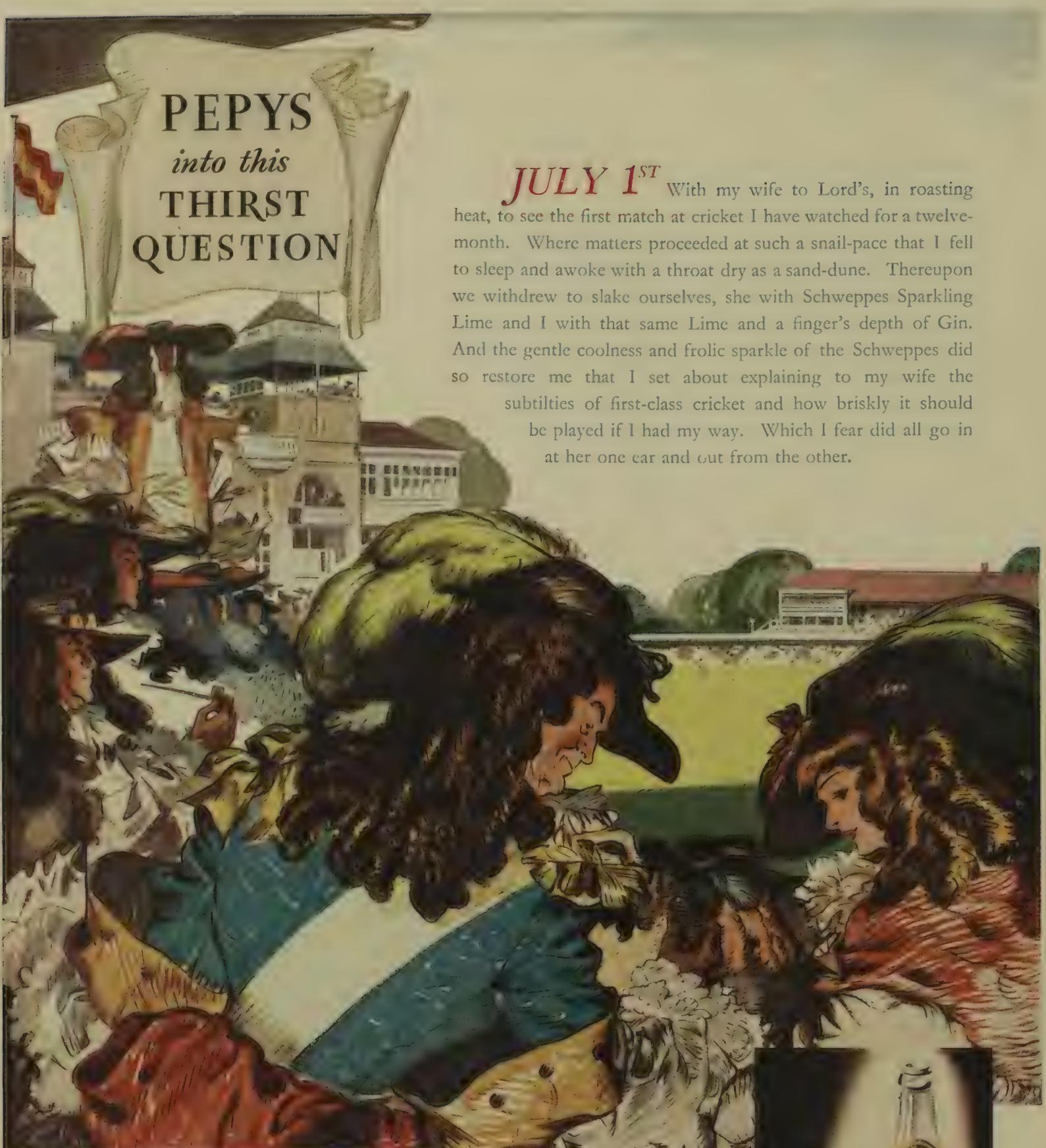
These national defences have their modern counterpart in the stout walls and strongly-founded tread of the new DUNLOP Fort Tyres, built to hold the road, to protect life and limb, to safeguard comfort and to give the longest possible period of dependable service. Trust yourself and yours to the safe keeping of

DOVER CASTLE
Like the coastal fortresses of Hastings, Pevensey, Scarborough and Orford, Dover Castle was built to safeguard England from attack by sea, at just those points where invasion was most likely to be attempted.

The New **DUNLOP** *Fort*



PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION



JULY 1ST

With my wife to Lord's, in roasting heat, to see the first match at cricket I have watched for a twelve-month. Where matters proceeded at such a snail-pace that I fell to sleep and awoke with a throat dry as a sand-dune. Thereupon we withdrew to slake ourselves, she with Schweppes Sparkling Lime and I with that same Lime and a finger's depth of Gin. And the gentle coolness and frolic sparkle of the Schweppes did so restore me that I set about explaining to my wife the subtleties of first-class cricket and how briskly it should be played if I had my way. Which I fear did all go in at her one ear and out from the other.

BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes



PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I AM reminded, regrettably, that this is the season of the "summer holidays." I cannot remember when I had my last; but as I write, my memory goes back to glorious days spent at the seaside among rock-pools teeming with life, and often rivalling a flower-garden with the splendours of sea-anemones, for their colours are amazing in their range, and their shapes are hardly less surprising, though all variants of a common radial symmetry. This, of course, is the case only when they are seen in the depths of some quiet rock-pool, full to the brim of crystal-clear water. For when the tide goes out, and the pool is more or less completely drained, all that can be seen of these marvels is a blob of coloured jelly! And this is true also of such as have anchored themselves to some rock-face just below high-water mark on the open beach. One would have supposed that out of water they would speedily become dried-up by the sun, but they hold enough water within to prevent this disaster. The slowly-waving, translucent tentacles are so many sensitive fingers, always ready to seize and hold whatever in the nature of food comes their way, and convey it to the mouth, in the centre of the disc.

Probably among all those who are irresistibly compelled to admire these strange and beautiful creatures in their native haunts, or in an aquarium, only a few know anything of their place in the animal kingdom, or of their structure. Yet these aspects will surely give them a greatly increased interest. To begin with, then, they are, on the one hand, distant relations of the fresh-water hydra of our ponds and ditches, and on the other of the corals. All agree in having a body formed of two distinct layers, with a jelly-like substance between them, enclosing a large cavity which serves as the digestive cavity. In all other animals higher in the scale of life, from sea-urchins to man himself, a special food-tube passes through this body-cavity. In the anemones the mouth opens into a short curtain-like tube, open below, and held in place by a number of vertical sheets extending inwards from the body

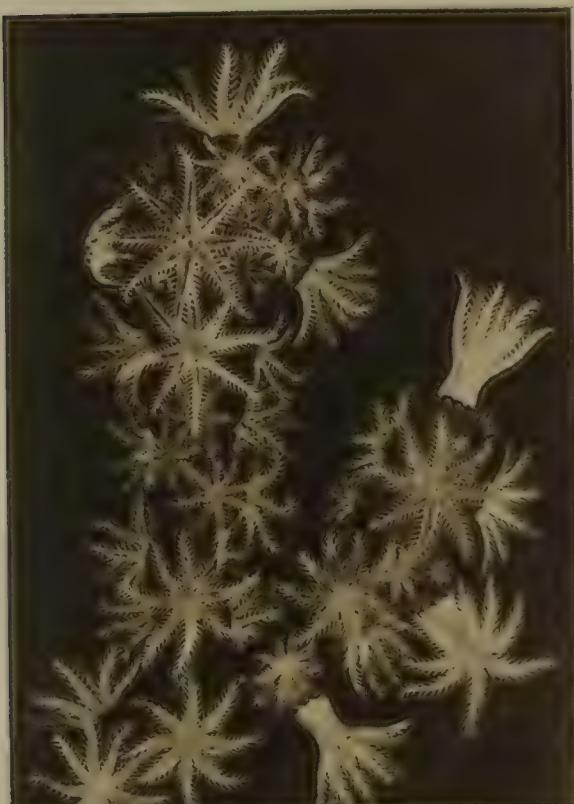
bends down and gets its mouth behind that of the crab, so that loose tit-bits float back into the anemone's mouth! Another noteworthy species is the "Vestlet" (*Cerianthus*), so called because it fashions for itself a tube, made of a soft, sticky material, and of immense numbers of stinging-cells thrown off from the body. Herein, and partly buried

water by a bladder formed by an in-pushing of the foot, or "pedal-disc," and filled with gas. And there are several species belonging to a totally different group—the *Minyadidae*—and found in the southern oceans, which have assumed a precisely similar free-swimming mode of life, furnishing us with a striking illustration of "convergent-evolution": that is to say, of the development of almost identical structures following on similar habits engendered by the pursuit of food. We seem to get a hint as to the way in which this has come about in the case of our native "Vestlet," and other species of the genus *Cerianthus*, to which it belongs. For towards the completion of embryonic life they rise to the surface and complete their development as surface-swimmers; at last sinking down to the sea-floor to lead the sedentary life common to the anemones as a tribe.

We have, so far as I can find out, no records as to the nature of the food of these wandering adult species. But they probably enjoy a wide choice, since there would be vast numbers of the small molluscs and crustacea which form part of what is known as the "plankton," or floating fauna of the sea, surrounding them on every side. The embryo of the anemone, it should be remarked, is an oval, or pear-shaped, body, which swims about for a few days, or hours, as the case may be, till it settles down to assume the adult form and sedentary life. The history of the development of the *Cerianthidae*—to which the "Vestlet" just referred to belongs—seems to give us the key to the origin of the free-swimming adult forms such as *Alicia*, and the species of the *Minyadidae* of the southern oceans.

And now, as touching the corals, to which the anemones are related. All differ from the anemones in having a stony skeleton. Some are quite small, and lead an isolated life, while others form great colonies. There are many species thereof, and they show a surprising range of difference in the form of their stony skeletons, which make up vast reefs, such as the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, of enormous thickness. For the living animal lives, so to speak, above his skeleton, which is formed at the base of the "polyp," as each separate individual of the colony is called. Hence, as the stony mass below sinks, new material has to be deposited on the surface. But there is one giant, the "brain-coral" (*Meandrina*) (Fig. 4), which is now regarded as a single individual "zooid," divided into innumerable separate mouths leading into a common digestive cavity! The photograph shown here is remarkable for the fact that it presents two distinctly marked areas, the smaller rugosities on the right being due to a lessened amount of sunlight from its position on the reef.

By way of contrast, turn to Fig. 2, which shows a small, highly magnified fragment of the beautiful red coral of the Mediterranean. Here it is seen with its tentacles fully expanded. It is not really a true coral, but more nearly related to the "dead-man's fingers" so often thrown up on our beaches. This is the coral so much prized at one time as jewellery.



2. SHOWING THE TENTACLES, WHICH ARE LESS NUMEROUS THAN IN ANEMONES AND HAVE FRINGED MARGINS, FULLY EXPANDED: A SMALL PORTION OF THE PRECIOUS RED CORAL (CORALLIUM RUBRUM)—HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

Photographs Nos. 2, 3, and 4, by E. J. Manly.

wall to the tube, but below the lower edge of this circular curtain their inner edges are free, so that the body cavity is cut up into a number of partitions ranged in a circle. They secrete digestive fluids, and must be very active, for prey as large as small crabs may be digested in this cavity.

Those who go anemone-hunting for the first time will be disappointed if they expect everywhere to find a "flower-garden" such as I have described. For these creatures can find suitable haunts only where there is a rocky shore, and even here, as on the East Coast of Scotland, the number of sites is limited, and the number of species to be found is few. A happy hunting ground would be the Devonshire and Cornwall coasts. But even here all the species to be found will not leap to the eyes when the hunt begins, for some live buried in sand, anchoring themselves to the rock below. Among others to be found here, is the large parasitic anemone (*Adamsia*), which attaches itself to whelk-shells containing hermit-crabs. But it is not so much a parasite as a benefactor, for the anemone, by its stinging-cells, protects the crab from its enemies, while the crab, in breaking up its food supplies the anemone with free meals, in the crumbs which fall from its table, so to speak. When the hermit is feeding, the anemone

1. BEAUTIFUL OPELET ANEMONES (ANEMONIA SULCATA)—A SPECIES WHICH VARIES IN COLORATION; SOME HAVING PALE GREEN TENTACLES TIPPED WITH CRIMSON-LILAC: PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER WATER IN A TANK.—[Photograph by D. P. Wilson.]



3. ILLUSTRATING ITS BRANCHING FORM AND SHOWING THE TENTACLES RETRACTED: A FRAGMENT OF A COLONY OF THE RED CORAL.

in the sand, it lives securely. It is a large and very handsome, trumpet-shaped species of about 7 in. long. The species referred to here, and many another, as well as marine animals of all kinds, are to be seen in the aquarium of the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth, and all who are intent on "shore-hunting," and within reach of the aquarium, should survey its treasures before they begin their quest, and so gain a rapid summary of what is to be looked for during the holiday.

With the sea-anemone, as with every other group in the animal kingdom, we find surprising departures from the typical shape in adjustment to the activities pursued in the search for special kinds of food. There are some striking examples of this kind. A rare anemone from Madeira (*Alicia mirabilis*) has become adjusted to floating at the surface, with the mouth turned downwards for the capture of food, being supported in the



4. A SPECIMEN REMARKABLE FOR THE FACT THAT IT PRESENTS TWO DISTINCTLY MARKED AREAS—THE SMALLER RUGOSITIES ON THE RIGHT BEING DUE TO A LESSENED AMOUNT OF SUNLIGHT FROM ITS POSITION ON THE REEF: THE "BRAIN-CORAL" (MEANDRINA).

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

EMINENT VICTORIANS.

SIR JAMES BARRIE spent the larger part of his life in the reign of Queen Victoria, and may fairly, I think, be called a Victorian dramatist. The same, if the age test be applied, is true of Mr. Shaw. Mr. Laurence Housman, their junior, is also something of a Victorian, and no dramatist, certainly, has made a closer study of Victorian history than the author of "Victoria Regina," which was licensed for production a century after the Queen's accession, and is now a great success at the Lyric Theatre.

This presentation came so soon after Barrie's death, that the dramatist of *Thrun* was very much in my mind as I went to the first night of Mr. Housman's show. The last time I saw Barrie was in Edinburgh, also on a first night, that of "The Boy David." He had lumbago, and stayed at his hotel, lying on a sofa in his dressing-gown. He was gay and talkative—a condition not usually accompanying the hideous torment of lumbago—and with Miss Bergner and Mr. Cochran (and his pipe) for company, he seemed ready to chat till morning. So my final memory of that wry wizard of our stage is of the happiest.

I had just seen his last play. It had two typically Barrie-ish episodes and a great deal of that bloom which Barrie shed over his dialogue, especially in the episode where David and Jonathan boyishly discuss country matters. Mr. Shaw, too, had once gone to the Bible for a theme, and, having taken his pitcher to that well, what drafts of doctrine he had brought back! "Back to Methuselah" became a Metabiological Pentateuch and told us (over the space of five nights) all about the universe. Barrie, going back to the Boy David, merely told us all about the boy. It is true, as Tennyson has observed, that if you know really everything about one flower in a crammed wall, you know all about all; since the Universe is one, the atom may explain the whole; from a tiny fact you may understand what God and man are. So, it may be argued, Barrie, by telling us all about the Boy David, did, in fact, become informative about the Cosmos. Possibly; but Barrie never took the lecturer's dais as Shaw took it. He had no body of doctrine: he did not ask us to "sit under" him, as under a famous preacher. He liked his wisdom to slide indirectly into our minds and hearts. He did not hammer things home. G.B.S., on the other hand, has a mind like a steam-hammer and rejoices to employ it.

Supposing Shaw had written the play about Queen Victoria, he would certainly have included a vast amount of sociological comment and instruction. He could not have set his mind on John Brown without fetching up a treatise on the nature of the Highlander, nor could he have seen a turret or a tartan cushion in Balmoral without tracing the history of Scotland since the days of Macbeth. The remarkable thing about Mr. Housman's Victorian sketches, of which nine make up the evening bill at the Lyric, is their brevity. They are models of conciseness. Take, for example, that one episode at Balmoral. Here, and

here only, within the limit of ten or fifteen minutes, you see the Queen in middle age, John Brown, and "Dizzy." Yet, at the end of that brief spell, you seem to know all about them all. The pictures are satisfying and complete.

I would not suggest that Mr. Housman and Sir James Barrie had much in common in their outlook on life. But both mastered the one-act play and the art of bounding the universe in a nutshell. It is true that Mr. Housman has written more than forty little plays about Victoria and the Victorians, but the number is a proof of his fertility, not a hint that he lacks the knack of compression. In the nine brief sketches which have been selected for view at the Lyric Theatre, he

Supposing Barrie had written about the Queen and her times? Certainly the result would have been far more like Mr. Housman's cycle than a Shavian exposition. There might, there probably would, have been those little sallies of fantastic playfulness with which Barrie's public were always so enchanted. But, whether Barrie chose to be "Barrie-ish" or not, he would certainly have put a great deal of sense into very little space. Barrie has been greatly and justly praised for his dramatic craftsmanship—a quality for which Mr. Shaw is rarely given full marks, or even good ones—and that really means that he had an immense capacity for seeing a point clearly, sticking to it, and wasting no words. "The Will," "Half an Hour," "The Twelve Pound Look" were models of Barrie's spare, muscular, concise writing. Barrie, as I have said, was no preacher. He has left no "ideology," to use a horrid word so beloved of young people to-day. He looked into people rather than into philosophies, and wrote down, briefly and brilliantly, what he saw. Sometimes he would run away from his own conclusions—or what seemed to be an inevitable conclusion. "The Admirable Crichton" was a case in point. The third act is untrue to the second. Barrie's attitude was one of "I leave it to you." "Here," he would say, "are 'Dear Brutus,' 'Mary Rose,' 'The Admirable Crichton,' and so forth. Out of my many and not always correlated fancies, choose your own. Be your own philosopher. Make your own system. I am no dominie. I show you some people and some thoughts. Receive it so. Enjoy, retire, and perpend."

So, too, in effect, does Mr. Housman hand to us his pictures of Queen Victoria, her kith and kin, her statesmen, and her attendants. Mr. Housman could obviously, if he chose, make a first-rate thesis in dialogue on Victorian England, composed in the Shavian manner. But in this matter he is on Barrie's side. He would rather have his hints and suggestions slide into us than rap us over the



"JUDGMENT DAY," AT THE STRAND: KURT SCHNEIDER (PHILIP LEAVER) FALSELY ADMITS THAT HE IS A MEMBER OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY AND IMPLICATES GEORGE KHITOV (ERIC BERRY) AND LYDIA (CATHERINE LACEY).

"Judgment Day," the Elmer Rice drama at the Strand, is set in a law court in an imaginary European State and deals with the trial of two men and a woman accused of attempting to assassinate the head of a Totalitarian Government.



"JUDGMENT DAY," AT THE STRAND: LYDIA KUMAN (CATHERINE LACEY) ATTEMPTS TO COMMIT SUICIDE, BUT IS PREVENTED.



"JUDGMENT DAY": JUDGE SLATARSKI (HUBERT HARBERN), REPRESENTING MERELY THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, SNATCHES A REVOLVER AND SHOOTS VESNIC, THE HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT.

of Mr. Carl Esmond as Prince Albert, greatly contribute. But their acting has been much helped by his writing, with its nice mixture of urbanity and concentration.



knuckles with a Shavian ruler, call the class to order, and hold forth. As a philosophic entertainer, Mr. Shaw has been tremendous; he had ferocious and unquenchable wit with which to colour his medicine. But the public, as a whole, prefers to have its knuckles unrapped. It also prefers, at least in the theatre, a parade of people to a spate of opinions. The good dramatist's business is to provide this parade of characters and at the same time to let wisdom seep in to their dialogue and their doings so that, without becoming unnatural or strained, they may speak rather better and more briefly to the point than ever they could have done in actual life.

This it was the genius of Barrie to contrive. This Mr. Housman has done with his Victoria, first seen as happy, young, and innocent, and lastly as happy, old and glorious, and with his no less persuasive pictures of the lackeys, the statesmen, and the Prince. It is exemplary work, which makes the best of both worlds. The play of character is not without ideas, but is not over-loaded. We see the great figures in most convincing form and go home, unlectured, to think for ourselves about the virtues and values of the great Victorian epoch.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA DRAMATISED
A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER HER ACCESSION.



ONE OF THE NINE SCENES IN "VICTORIA REGINA" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE: "MORNING GLORY," 1840—QUEEN VICTORIA (MISS PAMELA STANLEY) AND PRINCE ALBERT (MR. CARL ESMOND) IN THE PRINCE'S DRESSING-ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



"THE ROSE AND THE THORN," 1846: THE QUEEN, WHO HAS BEEN JEALOUS WITHOUT CAUSE, MAKES IT UP WITH THE PRINCE WHEN HE SINGS TO HER "DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES."



"UNDER FIRE," 1842: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT, IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE, PREPARE FOR A DRIVE IN THE PARK THOUGH EXPECTING AN ATTEMPT ON THEIR LIVES.



"INTERVENTION," 1861: PRINCE ALBERT, AFTER RE-WRITING PALMERSTON'S NOTE TO AMERICA, TO AVOID WAR, IS STRICKEN WITH ILLNESS, AND THE QUEEN KNEELS BESIDE HIM.



"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!" 1877: DISRAELI (MR. ERNEST MILTON) TOASTS QUEEN VICTORIA WHILE ON A VISIT TO BALMORAL, WHERE SHE CONFERRED THE GARTER ON HIM.



"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!" 1877: HER MAJESTY, IN A GARDEN TENT AT BALMORAL, GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO JOHN BROWN (MR. JAMES WOODBURN) ABOUT THE DOG THAT HE IS HOLDING.



"HAPPY AND GLORIOUS," 1897: THE VENERABLE QUEEN, SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY, ARRIVES BACK AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS ON COMPLETING SIXTY YEARS OF HER REIGN.

Mr. Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina," eventually licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, was publicly performed at the Lyric Theatre, on June 21, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. The play consists of nine playlets selected from the author's series dealing with the personal side of the great Queen's career. Act I. opens with "The Six O'clock Call," 1837—the young Princess's summons to the Throne. Scene 2 is "Woman Proposes," 1839—the Queen's proposal of marriage to Prince Albert; and Scene 3 is "Morning Glory," 1840. The second Act contains four scenes—"A Good Lesson," 1842; "Under

Fire," 1842; "The Rose and the Thorn," 1846, in an ante-chamber at Windsor Castle; and "Intervention," which shows the beginning of the Prince's fatal illness. He does not appear again in the play. The last Act has two scenes—"The Queen, God Bless Her!" 1877, in a garden tent at Balmoral; and "Happy and Glorious," 1897, showing the aged Queen at the height of her fame on the day of her Diamond Jubilee. The acting of Miss Pamela Stanley as the Queen, and Mr. Carl Esmond, the Austrian actor, as Prince Albert, is of outstanding quality. The settings and costumes, designed by Mr. Rex Whistler, are excellent.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LAWRENCE
OF ARABIA

is no longer a "mystery," save in so far as he preserved inviolate the inmost sanctuary of his soul. Many spotlights are concentrated upon him in "T. E. LAWRENCE." By His Friends. Edited by A. W. Lawrence. With eight Illustrations (Cape; 15s.). Apart from his own works, this is far the best book about Lawrence I have seen. It portrays so many phases of his Protean personality, each from a different angle, touches on all the successive periods of his career, and contains a maximum of fact with a minimum of fanciful interpretation. More than eighty separate contributors have here recorded personal memories and impressions, among them Lawrence's mother and two brothers, school and college contemporaries at Oxford, colleagues in archaeology, men who served with him in the war, statesmen and administrators, friends and associates in literature, art, and music, and comrades in the Tank Corps and the Air Force. The combined effect is a multiple portrait of extraordinary fascination, having, in its chronological sequence, rather the quality of a moving picture. Here we have, as it were, an episodic "cavalcade" of Lawrence's life in its manifold phases. All the contributors have given their work without fee, while the London and New York publishers have charged only the cost of production. The profits will go to the Lawrence estate for purposes of charity. Mr. A. W. Lawrence, the editor, announces the welcome news that he is also preparing a volume of his brother's letters.

Among the memorialists are the late Lord Allenby, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Sir Philip Sassoon, Sir Leonard Woolley, Sir Ronald Storrs, Captain Liddell Hart, the late Mr. Edward Garnett, Mr. Lionel Curtis, Mr. E. M. Forster, and Major Francis Yeats-Brown, author of "Bengal Lancer." The illustrations include an interesting photograph of Lawrence with Gertrude Bell, taken in Egypt in 1921, two portraits by Augustus John, and two photographs of rooms in Lawrence's Dorset cottage. One of them shows his library, of which a full bibliography is given. There is also a list of his gramophone records of classical music. As to books, his principle was to keep them for use, not for show, and not to have too many. The limit he recommended was 150. On the pre-eminence of his own works several distinguished contributors to this volume are agreed. Thus Mr. Shaw calls him "one of the greatest descriptive writers in English literature," and Mr. Churchill declares that "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" "ranks with the greatest books ever written in the English language." Mr. H. G. Wells, who reviewed it, is reported by Colonel W. F. Stirling to have said to him: "In my opinion it is the finest piece of prose that has been written in the English language for 150 years."

From this assemblage of biographical "snapshots" the central figure emerges with certain predominant characteristics—intellect razo-keen, chivalrous courage and iron self-discipline, infinite capacity for self-sacrifice, personal magnetism almost mesmeric, Puck-like humour, invariable courtesy, quiet voice and unassuming manner, maintained even as a military commander. His maxim seems to have been "*Suaviter in modo; fortiter in re*"—the motto, by the way, of St. Paul's Girls' School. This reminds me that, although only 7 of the 82 contributions are by feminine hands, one comes from a girl who was only eleven when she knew Lawrence, and another from an old lady of eighty. All of them confute any idea that he was a misogynist, while one reveals a spark of divine compassion in his understanding of womanhood. Sex appeal, however, did not attract him, and he disapproved of "women who hamper a man in fulfilling his destiny: tend to make him non-adventurous: hold him back to attend to their comfort." One of his men friends, Mr. E. H. R. Altounyan, tells how he once reproved Lawrence for his celibacy. The argument he used recalls those of Shakespeare's first seventeen sonnets, but expressed in homelier language: "Can't you see that it is damnable of you not to leave something alive behind?" After a long silence, Lawrence only murmured: "Yes, but don't you think it's time to close down?"

Perhaps the most brilliant memorial essay in the book is that of Mr. Churchill, writing, both as friend and statesman, on Lawrence's post-war relations with the British Government. Another revealing essay—that of Henry Williamson, whose "Tarka the Otter" introduced him to Lawrence in 1929—makes one regret that the two did not become more intimate. Each was shy of obtruding himself on the other, and fate intervened just as the acquaintance seemed leading to something of international importance. Bernard Shaw says that Lawrence was not interested in politics, and in conversation "showed no consciousness of the existence of Lenin or Stalin or Mussolini or Ataturk or Hitler." This assertion, however, does

not seem quite to accord with Henry Williamson's words. "The new age must begin" he says. "Europe was ready for peace. Lawrence was the natural leader of that age in England. I dreamed of an Anglo-German friendship, the beginning of the pacification of Europe. Hitler and Lawrence must meet. I wrote thus to him, shortly after he had left the R.A.F. He replied immediately by telegram, asking me to come the next day, wet or fine; but while returning from writing the telegram, swiftly on his motor-cycle, he saw suddenly before him over the crest of the narrow road across Egdon Heath two boys on bicycles, and braked and turned off lest he hurt them: and the temples of his brain were broken."

One contributor to the above-mentioned book amplifies his brief record in "STEEL CHARIOTS IN THE DESERT."

shock. They were steel-grey eyes, and his face was red, not coffee-coloured like the faces of other Arabs. Instead of the piercing scowl there was laughter in those eyes. As he came close I heard a soft, melodious voice, which sounded girlish in those grim surroundings, say: 'Is your captain with you?' He spoke in the cultivated Oxford manner. I dropped my cigarette in sheer astonishment. 'Who the . . . ? What the . . . ?' I stammered. He placed his hand for a moment on my shoulder. 'My name is Lawrence,' said he, 'I have come to join you.'

In the course of his vivid narrative, Mr. Rolls gives many another glimpse of Lawrence. Once they visited the ruined castle of Azrak, and Lawrence, pointing into the blackness of what looked like an old well, said:

"I was kept a prisoner in that dungeon for months. . . . Do you see those scratchings? . . . Those are some of my attempts to escape." It is easy to understand the devotion which Lawrence inspired, from the following incident. On camping for the night after a hard day's reconnaissance with armoured-cars, nine wheels had to be changed, a back-aching task. "When it was over and done and we . . . were drawing lots for guard duty, he came quietly up to the officer in charge of us and tapped him on the shoulder. 'Don't bother about that. I'll do the guard myself. Let the men have a rest,' he said. 'What, all night, sir?' exclaimed the astonished lieutenant. 'Yes, all night,' he replied. 'I must do some hard thinking, and this will be a splendid opportunity.' . . . His conduct gradually made on our minds an impression that shaped in us such admiration, respect, and affection for him that I believe there was no sacrifice on earth that we could have refused to make for him."

Somewhat akin to the last book in spirit and as a record of another "side-show" of the Great War, though differing widely in circumstance and locality, is "TAKING TANGANYIKA." Experiences of an Intelligence Officer, 1914-1918. By Christopher J. Thornhill. Foreword by Francis Brett Young. Introduction by Capt. S. H. La Fontaine, Provincial Commissioner, Central Province, Kenya Colony. With twenty-two Illustrations and a Map (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.). Here again we have a vivid, straightforward chronicle of campaigning incidents. The author was only eighteen when he rode into Nairobi to join up. In one point he resembled Lawrence, for he had changed his name to Brown when, a few years before, he had cut himself off from his family and gone out into the wilds. To his comrades of the Intelligence Force and East African Mounted Rifles he was affectionately known as "Buster Brown."

Conditions in East Africa contrasted with those in Palestine and Syria. "It was entirely different guerilla [we read] to that of the Boer War, or any other modern war, in that the vast spaces traversed were infected with this deadly [tsetse] fly, which prevented the use of animal draft or mounted infantry. Motor-cars and lorries, generally speaking, were practically useless, owing to the lack of roads and the heavy rainfall. In the end we had to resort to our enemy's own method of transport, which was to carry everything on the natives' heads." Mr. Brett Young, who writes from personal experience of the campaign, pays a high tribute to the author's daring as a scout. At the end Mr. Thornhill criticises the German claim for the return of East African territory.

Mr. Churchill has suggested that, if the Great War had lasted another year, Lawrence might have realised "Napoleon's young dream of conquering the East," and Mr. Shaw makes a somewhat similar suggestion. Two important books of foreign authorship, French and German respectively—books for a proper appreciation of

which my remaining space is quite inadequate—are of deep interest concerning Napoleon. Some doubt on his "young dream" is expressed in a work that gives a full and fascinating account of his venture in the land of the Pharaohs, namely, "BONAPARTE: GOVERNOR OF EGYPT." By F. Charles-Roux. Ambassador of France. Translated from the French by E. W. Dicke. With sixteen Plates and two Maps (Methuen; 16s.).

In the long run Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition proved to have more permanent value to archaeology than to politics, for he took out with him a complete army of scholars and savants, and among their achievements was the discovery of the Rosetta Stone. "Egyptology," says the author, "is the daughter of the French expedition." Elsewhere he writes: "Bonaparte, . . . when a prisoner in St. Helena, went so far as to say, 'I should have done better to remain in Egypt,' meaning thereby that he had had a vision of an eastern career. . . . But these

[Continued on page 44]



ILLUSTRATING EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY NAVAL DRESS AND INCLUDED IN AN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON AND HIS CIRCLE AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB: "STANDING FIGURE OF A SAILOR HOLDING AN OAR"—INSCRIBED ON THE BACK, ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF CANVAS, "P. R. BONINGTON 1820." (11) BY 7 IN.)
Lent by Lord Berners. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner. (Copyright Reserved.)

The Story of an Armoured-Car Driver with the Duke of Westminster in Libya and in Arabia with T. E. Lawrence. By S. C. Rolls. With six Illustrations and two Maps (Cape; 10s. 6d.). The author, sent out to Akaba in 1917, travelled with Lawrence during the ensuing campaign about 20,000 miles, and finds honourable mention in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Their first meeting, in the Iml Gorge, was typical of Lawrence's methods. "One day," writes Mr. Rolls, "Hassan, the Egyptian foreman, pointed out to me a group of dishevelled Arabs, mounted on richly harnessed camels, who were riding slowly down the pass. 'Arab no good!' he said bitterly. 'Thief!' and he spat on the ground in disgust. 'Yalla! Imshi! Clear off!' I shouted to the first of the Arabs, who was making his camel kneel. He paid no heed, so I swung my hands at him, palms forward as one shooes chickens. He had left his camel now, and seeing me doing this he hastened towards me, which struck me as strange. Looking now for the first time full into his eyes, I had a

"BONINGTON AND HIS CIRCLE"—AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

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"WESTMINSTER FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK."—BY THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS.

Lent by Mr. N. D. Newall. Size: 8½ by 12½ inches.



"DISTANT VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE."—BY JAMES DUFFIELD HARDING (1797-1863).

Lent by Lord Fairhaven. Size: 8½ by 12½ inches.



"LES ENVIRONS DE QUILLEBŒUF."—BY R. P. BONINGTON.

Lent by Mr. R. W. Reford. Size: 16½ by 20½ inches.



"COAST SCENE."—BY R. P. BONINGTON.

Lent by Mr. Charles E. Russell. Size: 14½ by 20½ inches.



"CHÂTEAU DE LA DUCHESSE DE BERRI."—BY R. P. BONINGTON.

Lent by the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, Bt. Size: 14 by 19½ inches.



"L'ORAGE SUR LA VILLE."—BY VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Lent by Mr. Percy Moore Turner. Size: 6 by 8½ inches.

The Exhibition of "Pictures and Drawings by Richard Parkes Bonington (1802-1828) and his Circle," at the Burlington Fine Arts Club (June 1—July 31), is especially interesting in that it enables one to compare his work with the works of those who influenced him and were influenced by him. This is, in fact, one of the objects of the exhibition, as stated in the foreword to the catalogue: "There has long been a need for an exhibition which would gather together from public and private sources works of the artist himself, his imitators and his counterfeiters, and thus establish his true artistic personality and development, not merely by a selection of a few of his best works, but by their contrast and comparison with much that passes doubtfully or wrongly under his name. Of all English artists, perhaps, Bonington stands most in need of such an exhibition. He concentrated into himself, instinctively and apparently without effort, many of the not yet emancipated tendencies of his time and fusing them into a coherent personality reflected them back with redoubled strength whence they had come and encouraged them to wider extension. His early

death at once raised him to an eminence and removed all cause of jealousy." Bonington's father was the Governor of Nottingham Gaol, but lost his post owing to irregularities, and moved first to Calais and then to Paris. At Calais young Bonington worked for a time under Francia and later studied at the Louvre and worked at the Beaux Arts under Gros. He exhibited in the Salon from 1822 and in England from 1826. In 1828 he died in London, at the early age of twenty-six. Formerly, his "Château de la Duchesse de Berri" was framed with an arched top which concealed part of the composition. A preliminary sketch of the subject is also in the exhibition. "Westminster from St. James's Park," by Thomas Shotter Boys, is a water-colour heightened with scraping and strengthened with gum. The figures are in the costume of about 1830 and the view is from Rosamond's Pool, with the Abbey in the distance. Harding's "Distant View of Windsor Castle" shows the historic pile from below the "Copper Horse," looking down the Long Walk. The picture by Victor Hugo (the poet and novelist) is carried out with pen and sepia wash.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE irony of E. M. Delafield's "Nothing is Safe" is none the less scathing because the people in it are seen through the eyes of a lively small girl. It is the story of Julia, aged ten, and Terry, twelve, whose parents had divorced each other and gone their several ways. Unlike Henry James's Maisie, it was not baseness that Julia knew. Nobody who contributed to the calamity was really vile or intentionally cruel; though that made it no better. Home and all it stood for had disappeared. Nothing was safe any more for her and Terry.

They were to go alternately to their father and mother. Mummy was living in the house at Wimbledon, where her new husband, the cavalry captain, had taken complete possession of her. Daddy was in the London flat with his hard-shell young woman, Petah. He was bothered about money and his writing (he was an author), and Petah scrambled in a gabble of queer friends, and did not bother about anything, not even proper meals or a clean kitchen. If the children could not be fitted in with either parent, there were Grandmama and Grandpapa at Chepstow.

They never did fit in. That was their tragedy. Captain Pretzman had no use for Terry; and there was a dreadful scene when he tried to school him as if he were a horse instead of a supersensitive boy—and how sensitive he was Julia felt at the very core of her being. Petah was just Petah, and Daddy was lost in his own worries. It was better at Chepstow; but it was not, certainly it was not, home. Grandmama and Grandpapa were kind in their own way, but they were old and set, and, as Julia sensed, too disapproving of everything that had happened truly to understand what it meant to Terry and her. One perceives her spirit will survive their desolated childhood; but the future is dark for the neurotic Terry.

"Sugar in the Air," by E. C. Large, is a novel for the intelligent person, and whether he is sufficiently well informed to follow the scientific processes of Charles Pry's research or not, they cannot fail to be thrilling. Pry was a young chemical engineer who discovered how to extract sugar from the air. He and Zaareb, an elder scientist, disentangled their experiments from the hocus pocus of the fraudulent Cocaine, routed him and his craziness, and succeeded in establishing "Sunsap" as a genuine food with illimitable possibilities for the benefit of mankind. Then the commercial bloodsuckers descended upon them and took a hand, as they did in "Radium," the German book we reviewed last month, and what was won in the laboratory was destined to be lost in the market-place. The fight for "Sunsap" swayed backwards and forwards, greed and stupidity arrayed against two honest men. It is an exciting fantasy, and—who knows?—it may be a prophetic one.

American reviewers have very properly acclaimed John P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley." It is written in the form of an appreciation of a typical Bostonian of the passing generation by an old family friend, who compiles the memoir from Mr. Apley's correspondence and papers: there could be no more perfect example of the gentlemanly biographer paying his tribute to the gentlemanly deceased with affectionate candour and a liberal discretion. George's elders and the wife they approved for him suppressed his wayward impulses, painlessly if possible, and firmly in any event. Nevertheless, there were occasions when an irrational and foolish George came gasping to the surface of the smooth, irresistible stream of the good Bostonian life. The biographer deals with these manifestations indulgently and they subside; but not before the perspicacious reader will have savoured the delicious satire of Mr. Marquand's undertones.

"Carnival at Blackport" is a Lancashire novel, with red Lancashire blood in it, for all the name of the man who created the Carnival was Nathan Levibold. Mr. Hodson goes straight to the heart of his subject on the first page, when Mr. Levibold is discovered, his brain buzzing with the great idea, and his top-hat glossy, speeding to the conquest of Blackport in a corner seat in a first-class carriage. After that, the action broadens to Rivington's Boarding House, and the roving folk of the fair-ground, and the odd characters who earn their living or spend their holidays gregariously at Blackport. Comedy and tragedy revolve on the merry-go-round of human passions in "Carnival at Blackport," a book of rich vitality.

Neil Bell presents "The Testament of Stephen Fane" as the life-story of a normal Englishman of the middle

class. Few people will be inclined to accept it at that valuation. It is not normal for a man to write himself down in detail as a sensualist and a seducer in the autobiography he leaves to be read by his son. Fane's own words about himself are: "To me life is emotional experience. . . . Love is the one significant outstanding experience in any life. . . . It is true to say of any man that his adventures and experiences in sexual love are his life—all the rest is no more than a framework, a setting, a background." It may be so; but still, the "Testament" reads as an incredible self-revelation. However, no matter how you take him, Stephen Fane's sincerity is indubitable, and Mr. Bell has handled his story powerfully.

"A Great Lord," by Paul Frischauer and "And So—Victoria," by Vaughan Wilkins, cover roughly the same time, the last years of the eighteenth, and the beginning of

former in the career of the repellent Count Resonski, and Mr. Wilkins by working a romantic medley into the scandals of the House of Hanover. Resonski was a human jackal, one of the tools whom Napoleon used and conjured into power. He was utterly treacherous, and his record throws a lurid light on some of the more obscure phases of Polish history. He owed his riches and estates to his bride's accidental encounter with the Emperor and the son she bore him. Where history begins and fiction ends in "A Great Lord" it is vain to speculate, but the scenes at Fontainebleau and on the Polish plains are uniformly vivid and convincing.

In "And So—Victoria" the Regent and the Duke of Cumberland are the chief villains. The Prince disposes of an aristocratic French creditor by shipping him back to the guillotine, and Cumberland plots elaborately against the life of the little Princess Victoria. Mr. Wilkins does all this very well, though he is at his best when he escapes from Royal melodrama to the pauper children who were being sold into slavery in the mills. Christopher Harsch's "journey in the hooded waggon" after he had been kidnapped, is a grim subject Cruickshank might well have illustrated, and it has, in fact, the Dickens touch. This is a first novel, and good reading. The plot is over involved; but then that, too, is in the Victorian tradition.

Here are three shorter and simpler books. Mr. Gunn's "Highland River" traces the development of a boy who knew the moor and running water for his friends, and held his father's sea spirit and the rare wisdom of his mother as his inalienable inheritance. Kemm was to go down into the dreadful slum life in Glasgow, and fight in the Great War, and to return resilient to the dawn behind the Orkneys and the secret councils of the river, there to behold the vision of his solitary destiny. The beauty of the Highlands illuminates his spiritual pilgrimage.

In "Pennybridge" there are the rushes rippling on the level marsh, and the whimsies of a Kentish village, and Mr. Franklyn Lushington's Pigeon Hoo pair sparring affectionately. To meet Fenella is to love her, and when a bungalow development threatens the charm of Pigeon Hoo, a miracle, or at least the next thing to a miracle, mercifully intervenes. It is a happy book for a holiday or to set you dreaming of holiday if you have the misfortune to earn your living inside four walls.

"Brief Flower of Youth" has another kind of charm. It was written when Mr. Graham Heath was an undergraduate at Oxford, and is a call for international good-fellowship between England and Germany. The Hitler Youth who pass across the final page leave a trail of crushed blossom and trampled leaves, as if they were symbolically trampling down such dreams of brotherhood. A Storm Trooper's bullet ends the love-story of Richard and Erica; but no man knows the future, and this, a young man's book, warm-hearted and sensitive, holds out the open hand of friendship to his German contemporaries.

John Rhode can be congratulated on another of his successful thrillers. It is not giving away secrets to say all the murders in "Death on the Board" are perpetrated by one man. Four accidental deaths among the directors of Porslin, Ltd., are enough

to rouse anybody's suspicion, and the Beckenham police were dubious at the start about the explosion that blew Sir Andrew Wiggenhall through his bathroom wall. They sent for Superintendent Hanslet; and he consulted Dr. Priestley, who diagnosed an infernal machine and deduced the killer to be a man of unusual intelligence. So he was; but he was tripped up by his perverted ingenuity—which is where Mr. Rhode employs his own knowledge of criminal aberrations with characteristic efficiency.

Clifford Knight and P. Walker Taylor break fresh ground in "The Affair of the Scarlet Crab," and "Murder in the Game Reserve," by staging their sinister mysteries in the Galapagos Islands and the Kruger National Park. The scarlet crab affair is a poser for the amateur sleuths of a scientific yachting expedition, and, to tell the truth, one feels they handled it rather badly. Mr. Taylor's people are crudely drawn, and the construction of his yarn is clumsy, but it is worth reading as a gallant attempt to startle the public with an original crime.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

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the nineteenth century. Herr Frischauer's novel is Continental, and Mr. Wilkins's is English, but they have both concentrated on the infamies of rogues in high places; the

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Nothing is Safe. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
- Sugar in the Air. By E. C. Large. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
- The Late George Apley. By John P. Marquand. (Hale; 7s. 6d.)
- Carnival at Blackport. By James Lansdale Hodson. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
- The Testament of Stephen Fane. By Neil Bell. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)
- A Great Lord. By Paul Frischauer. (Cassell; 8s. 6d.)
- And So—Victoria. By Vaughan Wilkins. (Cape; 8s. 6d.)
- Highland River. By Neil M. Gunn. (Porpoise Press; 7s. 6d.)
- Pennybridge. By Franklyn Lushington. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
- Brief Flower of Youth. By Graham Heath. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
- Death on the Board. By John Rhode. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- The Affair of the Scarlet Crab. By Clifford Knight. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
- Murder in the Game Reserve. By P. Walker Taylor. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.)

This England . . .



Yorkshire Moors

TWO pictures does one carry for life of the great West Riding moors. The one, a folding of rich colour upon itself, from high, ling-empurpled shoulders to the red gold of dale-side trees slipping to green where hidden water in the cloughs stays Autumn's hand. The other, a majestic desolation, tearing wind and lowered cloud, the distant heights now etched against the slanting grey, now gone, as slivers of steely rain sting cheek and hand. Strong limbs and great appetite are bred here, and great ale must go down if humour and courage are to be kept up. No "small beer" will suffice, but Worthington alone, rich, great-hearted and slow-matured—in the very nature of the North.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A GREAT SWEDISH ETCHER.



ANDERS ZORN died in 1920, and since that time his etchings (I'm not speaking here of his paintings, still less of his sculpture) have been current coin in the English auction-rooms. Yet I find that his name is unknown outside a comparatively limited circle; young people who have grown up since his time ask innocently: "And who was Zorn?" while their elders remind themselves of the mutability of fame. Zorn was a great man while he lived, and one day will be rediscovered; then the trumpets will sound, and our grandchildren will smile good-humouredly at



2. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN: A PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER BY REMBRANDT—RECENTLY SOLD FOR £160.

the blindness of the 1930's. This is not to suggest that he is not recognised now as a man out of the ordinary, but it is one thing to be admired by a few enthusiasts and another to be accepted by everyone as representing the best of his generation.

Zorn was born in 1860, the son of a brewer. His father died when the boy was fifteen, and a few friends of the dead man clubbed together to send Anders to study art in Stockholm. By 1881 he was able to travel. He went to Spain, and in the following year to London, where he exhibited at the Royal Academy. In 1884 he visited Lisbon, and thence Madrid again. His first visit to America was in 1892, and there he was enormously successful. Where are his pictures? In Sweden, of course; and in Germany, America, and France. His self-portrait is in the Uffizi at Florence. There is nothing by him in the Tate Gallery, and though there must be a few of his portraits in this country, they very rarely come on the market—in short, I have to apologise to the many Swedish readers of *The Illustrated London News* for our abject ignorance of this side of Anders Zorn's activities.

With the etchings we are on different ground. There is a long series in the Print Room of the British

Museum; they appear at every good print sale at Sotheby's and Christie's, and form part of the ordinary stock of the best dealers both here and in America. A man has the right to be judged by the best of his work, so let us put him to the severest test it is possible to devise by setting him up against the greatest of all masters of etching. Here in Fig. 1 is his portrait of his mother; Fig. 2 reproduces the portrait of his mother by Rembrandt. Both happened to turn up together in a sale at Sotheby's at the end of May. The Zorn changed hands at £40, the Rembrandt at £160. The Rembrandt is a far finer work; there is a greater solidity, a more profound insight; but does the nineteenth-century etcher, with his looser line, lag so far behind; and is not the fact that one can compare these two at all a pretty high compliment to Anders Zorn? This is a late work—1911—and some people think it is as good a thing as he ever did; others insist that the finest etching—not merely by Zorn, but by anyone in the nineteenth century—is the portrait of Ernest Renan, Fig. 3 (£42 in this sale), which was made under difficulties in 1892. Renan was old and ill, and would not give the artist more than an hour's sitting. Zorn set to work and produced this rapid and eloquent character-study; Renan himself said it was not an attitude which was habitual to him, but Mme. Renan admitted he always sat like that when he thought he was entirely alone, and the world has continued ever since to consider this etching as a masterpiece of quiet characterisation.

Success made Zorn the complete cosmopolitan, at home in every country; but his heart remained in his native Sweden, whose people and shores are the subjects of so many of the most popular of the etchings: the old men and women of Mora; the peasant girls who

one with the uneasy feeling that a good modern camera could have made a better job of the scene with less sentimentality, but these lapses are very few; the majority are nearly up to the standard of such a well-known and delightful etching as "My



1. FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 2: A PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER BY ANDERS ZORN (1860-1920)—AN ETCHING RECENTLY SOLD FOR £40.

Model and My Boat," in which the model, with the boat in the background, is throwing off her bathing-wrap before turning to plunge into the water.

In the same way, by no means all the portraits are as fine as that of Renan; and what etcher or painter is not bored by his subject on occasion, and cannot fail to show it in his work? Zorn, as much as any of his contemporaries, was apt to substitute a decoration for insight into character; true, he is in

good company when he does that, but he does it rather frequently. All the more can one appreciate such a *tour de force* as the Renan, or a grand and familiar piece of friendly satire known as "The Toast," in which a distinguished and genial old gentleman, bearded and kindly, glass in one hand, and cigar in the other, is proposing the toast of the evening—a delightful comment upon the world which anyone who has ever experienced Swedish hospitality will find much to the point.

It is worth pointing out in conclusion that in the 'eighties, original etching had not yet achieved popularity. Whistler and Seymour Haden were showing the way, and Legros was influencing young men at the Slade School; the days of Muirhead Bone and McBey and John were not yet. Of Legros' young men, William Strang happens to be nearly contemporary with Zorn. The latter died in 1920, the former—born in 1859—in 1921.

There is no space left for a comparison, but two well-known plates by Strang (Thomas Hardy and Rudyard Kipling) come to mind. The curious with a little leisure will find it an interesting game to follow the development of these two, and I think they will have some difficulty in deciding which of them is the better etcher.



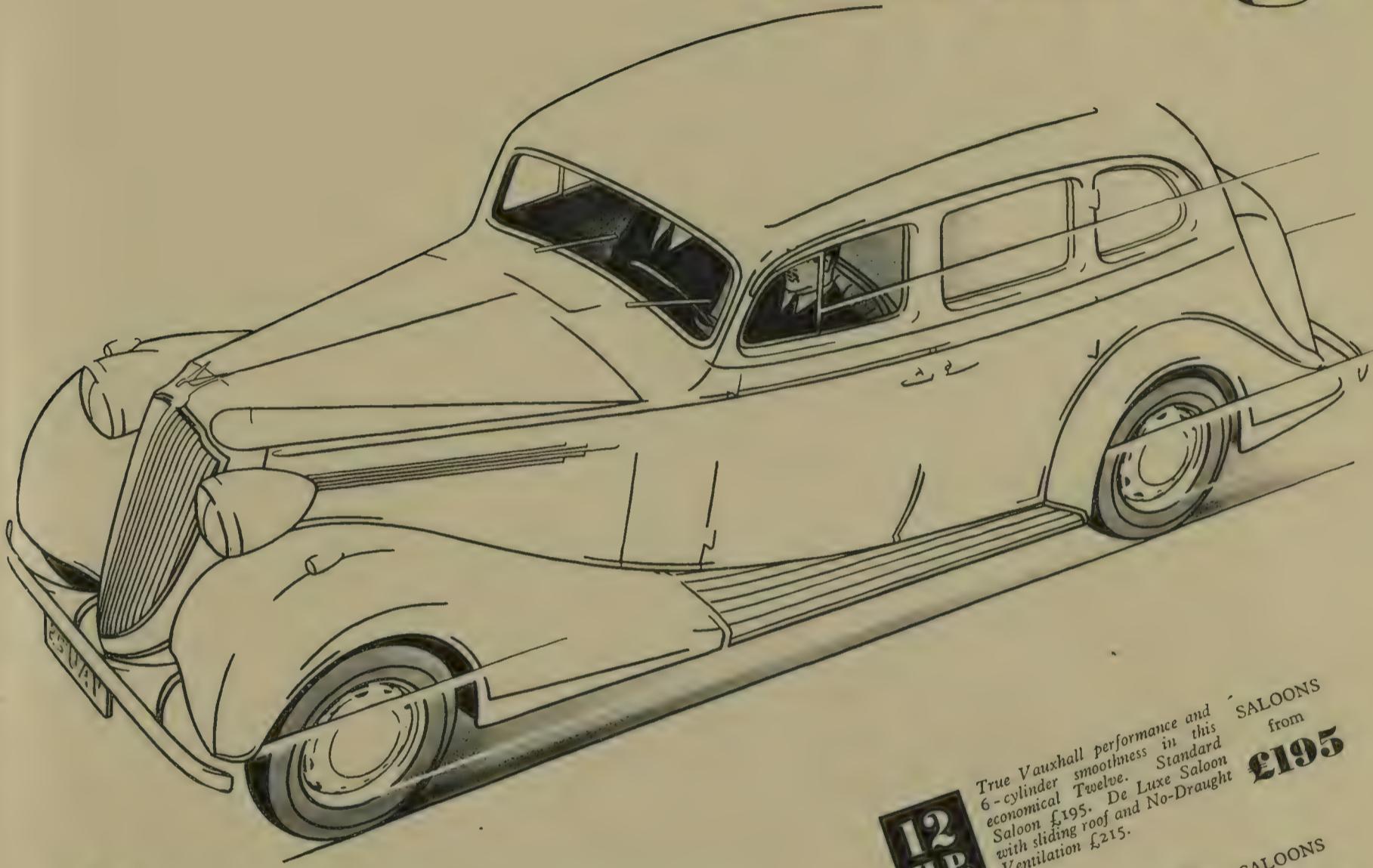
3. THOUGHT BY MANY TO BE THE FINEST ETCHING BY ANYONE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: "PORTRAIT OF ERNEST RENAN," BY ANDERS ZORN.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby,

posed for him in the sunshine; together with more patrician types of beauty. He is, it must be confessed, rather an unequal artist in some respects; there is a trite banality about many of the nudes which leaves

mind. The curious with a little leisure will find it an interesting game to follow the development of these two, and I think they will have some difficulty in deciding which of them is the better etcher.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

"HYSTERIA" IN THE CITY.

BOTH here and in America, that part of the community which makes its living, or tries to, by dealing in securities and commodities has lately been accused by statesmen of behaving in a hysterical manner. It will be remembered that President Roosevelt, just before he or his advisers checked the upward movement in commodities by a hint at a reduction in the price of gold, had expressed the opinion that the rise in the prices of durable goods had moved at a hysterical pace, or words to that effect; and a little later Mr. Chamberlain intimated that in his opinion the effect on the stock markets produced by the National Defence Contribution, as he first outlined its original form in his Budget speech, had been exaggerated owing to the hysterical condition of opinion in the City. Both these criticisms had a good deal of justification. Speculation in America is habitually conducted on lines which seem to outside observers to be dictated by a certain light-headedness; and in the years before 1929 light-headedness in Wall Street, exemplified in a hectic upward movement followed by a violent crash, came near to wrecking the economic progress of all the world. In the early part of this year, the rush to gamble in commodities was certainly marked, on the other side of the Atlantic, by excessive exuberance. It is also true that, as Mr. Chamberlain implied, if the markets here for securities and commodities had been in a calmer frame of mind when his revolutionary scheme of taxation was first announced, they would not have been quite so seriously upset by the many blots on it which led to its withdrawal and emendation, which still leaves it in many ways inequitable. Markets had been subjected to a series of shocks since the beginning of the year and were certainly in a highly vulnerable state when they were asked to stand up to the knock-down blow administered by the Budget.

JUMPINESS JUSTIFIED.

This vulnerability was in rather marked contrast with the calm with which previous shocks, chiefly produced by the state of Continental politics, had been accepted and almost ignored. It is also contrary to the traditions of the London market, which has hitherto prided itself on power to maintain a certain equanimity in the face of misfortune. What can the London market say in defence of itself against the accusation of being in a weak, nervous state? Its answer is obvious and easy. It has had its power of resistance worn thin, and almost worn out, by the acts and measures of the statesmen who now expect it to maintain its pristine calm. Uncertainty is the worst bugbear of business, and the business world is now expected to work, and to keep smiling, in a state of complete uncertainty with regard to many things which could once be relied on as being as certain as the working of the solar system. Nobody knows what the Government is going to do next about the supply of money—that question so vital both to industry and to investors. Time was when the supply of money depended on the stock of gold in the Bank of England, the amount of which

everybody could see by looking in the newspapers, and the probable movements in which, and the effects that they might have, could be anticipated, with as much accuracy as could be expected concerning any future events, by anyone who cared to study the normal course of seasonal gold movements. Now, we know how much gold the Bank of England holds, or at least, how much it shows in its weekly returns; but no one is allowed to lift the veil which shrouds the enormous operations of the Exchange Equalization Fund. When occasionally one corner of the veil has

to be lifted, it is usually found that some transfer on a Titanic scale is taking place. Just before Christmas it was suddenly, almost casually, announced that the Fund had sold £65 millions of gold to the Bank of England—not far from twice the amount of the Bank's total stock of gold in pre-war days. At the end of last week, we learned that £200,000,000 were to be added to the £350,000,000 with which the Fund had already been endowed, for the protection of sterling against undue fluctuations.



HOW THE "IRON LUNG," BY WHICH MR. SNIKE HAS BEEN KEPT ALIVE FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS, WAS TRANSPORTED BY ROAD: THE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATOR BEING DRIVEN TO THE GENERAL HOSPITAL IN SHANGHAI ON A SPECIALLY EQUIPPED TRUCK.



LOADING THE "IRON LUNG" ON TO A TRUCK, BY MEANS OF A RAMP, FOR REMOVAL TO A SHANGHAI HOSPITAL: A STAGE IN MR. SNIKE'S JOURNEY BACK TO AMERICA AFTER BEING STRICKEN WITH INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

On March 31, 1936, Mr. F. B. Snite, Jr., was stricken with infantile paralysis while on a world tour. Fortunately, he was flying at the time to Peking, where there is the only "iron lung" (artificial respirator) in China. He was placed in this, where he remained for fifteen months, for without it he could not live longer than three minutes. Eventually it was decided to take him back to America, and the "iron lung" was transported by rail and truck to Shanghai. Later it was again put on a truck and taken by tender out to the liner "President Coolidge." Then, for the first time, Mr. Snite was removed from it and placed in another respirator in his cabin—the operation taking 2 minutes 50 seconds. The journey has cost Mr. Snite's father about £30,000, and it is expected that it will be seven years before he can exist without the aid of the "iron lung."

THIS ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY.

This announcement was hailed as giving its final quietus to the scare about a possible reduction in the price of gold, since the increase in the Fund's resources will almost certainly be used, if necessary, in purchases of the metal. A little less mystery and a franker indication concerning the Government's intentions in this matter, might have saved the City from many weeks of anxiety, and, incidentally, have been good for the Government's revenue. Mystery and uncertainty and the non-committal attitude so dear to the official and political mind, are expensive

luxuries when they check the stamp-duty receipts, knock millions off the value of estates that have to be assessed for taxation, and threaten to sap the enterprise of industry and commerce, on which the country's taxable capacity is ultimately based. Another uncertainty that affects the City's nerves in these times is due to the manner in which the operations of Governmental financing are conducted. The National Debt is now so huge, and the Government's demands on the market are so vast, that as Professor Hall has lately pointed out, "there is no means of knowing what the Treasury or the Commissioners of the National Debt may be doing." All that we do know is that the practical result of their operations has been far from successful from the point of view either of the market, which has been seriously weakened, or of the taxpayer. The fact that the first issue of National Defence bonds had to be taken up almost entirely by Government departments and then peddled out, much of it at a discount of over 3 per cent., with the result that the unfortunate London County Council found a most unresponsive market for a £10,000,000 issue that followed on its heels—all this does not look as if very skilful use had been made of the controlling power over financial movements which the Government is now supposed to exercise.

THE UNRUFFLED INVESTOR.

Another cause of the City's recent jumpiness is also directly attributable to the effects of bad finance on the part of our rulers. Being shorn to the skin by the taxgatherer, owing to Governmental extravagance since and during the war, when far too large a proportion of its cost was met by borrowing, many people now look for gambling profits in the stock and commodity markets by way of maintaining their standard of living. The consequence of this widely increased habit of buying securities in the hope of a rise in their prices, instead of putting them away and living on the income from them, is that when any event occurs which threatens to cause reaction, a number of people rush in, cash their profits before it is too late, and so the sensitiveness of markets becomes on occasion hysterical. Also, the reluctance of jobbers to take stock on their books in times of reaction and their habit of marking prices down, and sometimes even of refusing to make a price at all except in the most minute amounts, is attributed to the extent to which the estate duties have eaten into the capitals of the big jobbing firms which used formerly to support markets in bad times and are now unable to do so. Thus we find that a good deal of the hysteria of which Governmental spokesmen complain is directly and indirectly due to bad Governmental finance, bad taxation and the state of highly disquieting uncertainty about what will happen next, in which the City is nowadays obliged to work. But out of all this spectacle of the lately demoralised state of markets one highly satisfactory fact emerges, which is, that while speculators have had to rush to take cover—and in some markets free dealings were at one time altogether in abeyance—the real investor was

entirely unruffled and was increasing his holding of securities at the lower prices current. This was proved by the experience of the Unit Trusts or such of them—and they are the great majority—as are members of the Unit Trusts' Association. It was lately announced by the Association that during the N.D.C. depression, from April 21 to June 1, its members, far from having, as had been alleged, contributed to the weakness of markets by heavy sales, had bought £626,000-worth of securities and had sold £90,000-worth. We managers of Unit Trusts have certainly proved our claim to have given solid support to markets.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

REGULATIONS for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race to be run on the Donington Park road circuit, near Derby, on Sept. 4, have now been issued. Although instituted in 1906, this occasion is the

distance as the scratch cars. The following are the average speeds expected: exceeding 500 c.c. and up to 700 c.c., a speed of 55.4 m.p.h.; 750 c.c. and up to 1000 c.c., 57.1 m.p.h.; 1000 c.c. up to 1100 c.c., 62.5 m.p.h.; 1100 c.c. up to 1200 c.c., 62.9 m.p.h.; 1200 c.c. up to 1300 c.c., 63.3 m.p.h.; 1300 c.c. up to 1500 c.c., 64.6 m.p.h.; 1500 c.c. up to 2000 c.c., 65.0 m.p.h.; and exceeding 2000 c.c., an average speed of 66.2 m.p.h. for the race. These speeds were calculated in regard to this particular course, as cars of the 750 c.c. class have exceeded their 57.1 m.p.h. handicap speed on other courses by a considerable amount. But it has been proved by previous races at Donington Park that the straight stretches are not sufficiently long to allow cars of three or four litres capacity to make a better average speed than those of about two litres capacity. So all of these start from the scratch mark. Only fuel commonly

obtained from roadside service stations in the ordinary way may be used. Women may act as drivers, but may not ride on the cars as mechanics. As the prize money totals £1500, it is divided into £500, £300 and £200 for the first, second, and third cars placed in the race, with a sum of £100 to the winner of each class, and also £100 as a team prize. Slits may be cut in the mudguards over the wheels to

enable the driver to watch for tyre wear. Being run on a Saturday, it is expected to bring the largest crowd yet assembled to witness a motor race in England.

With the long evenings and warmer weather, the summer motoring season may fairly be said to have begun. The call of the countryside will be answered by thousands of car owners and motor cyclists, and wayside picnics will be a common sight on many roads. The R.A.C. feels it an appropriate time to remind motorists that it is illegal to drive or park their cars or motor-cycles, on common land or other land, more than fifteen yards from the roadway. According to the Road Traffic Act, 1930, the only exemptions from this regulation apply in cases where to do so may save life or prevent an outbreak of fire, or in any other such emergency. In certain cases, however, local bylaws prohibit parking altogether on common land, in which event a notice is

(Continued overleaf.)



WITH CARS FOR TRACK AND ROAD: MR. RAYMOND MAYS, THE FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST, WITH HIS E.R.A. RACING CAR AND THE FLYING STANDARD "TWELVE" SALOON WHICH HE USES FOR NORMAL MOTORING.

first time the event has been run in England, as the Isle of Man and Northern Ireland have been its previous venues. This year, the distance of the T.T. race will be 100 laps of the 3½-mile course, a total distance of 350 miles. It is a handicap event, according to the cylinder capacity of the engines of the cars entered. Consequently eight classes are established, according to the usual International motor rules, and each class is expected to develop a certain average speed in the race, and so gives or receives a start in order to bring its pace to the same level, or really to the same time, to complete the



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Continued. generally displayed. In other cases, parking is occasionally permitted at distances greater than fifteen yards from the roadway, and in those instances parking notices are usually erected for the guidance of motorists. There is, of course, nothing (except, in certain cases, the law of trespass) to prevent motorists from parking their cars or motor-cycles within fifteen yards of the road and proceeding on foot wherever they wish.

No matter, however, where the picnic meal is taken, or where the stop is made, the R.A.C. asks motorists to take home the litter they bring with them. Instances occur every summer where landowners and local authorities withdraw privileges which motorists have hitherto enjoyed. In nearly every case this has been because of the litter nuisance and the expense and trouble incurred in clearing up some beauty spot after the visits of motorists, cyclists, or "hikers," during a fine week-end or Bank Holiday.

A special detachable Royal Coat of Arms which can be illuminated by night is carried on the front of the roof of the new Humber Pullman limousine, with special coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly, recently purchased by the Earl of Athlone, K.G., Queen Mary's brother, from Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., of Devonshire House, London. This is a very handsome car, accommodating six or seven persons, so is frequently used on semi-State and State occasions by the Earl. It is finished in Wickham blue, with a fine red line; the wings and upper part and the lamps are in black. The interior is furnished to the special requirements of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in blue Bedford cord to match the blue panels of the coachwork, while the front seats are trimmed in soft black leather. The dividing screen between the driver and footman and the rear compartment has sliding panels and the quarter-windows are made to hinge for ventilation purposes. The royal arms on the front of the roof are detachable, so that for ordinary carriage use they can be removed when the Earl and Countess are not on official business attending functions.

Wireless at the North Pole reminds me that the recent Oxford University Arctic Expedition which spent fourteen months on North-East Land, an island

120 miles long and 60 miles wide, in the Spitzbergen archipelago, amid the Polar pack ice, used an Austin "Seven" engine and electric generator set to provide the current necessary for the long-distance wireless communications between their camp and Great Britain. In temperatures down to 20 deg. Fahr., the motor started without difficulty, but when it dropped as low as minus 20 deg., starting required hot rags round the carburettor and even such drastic treatment as a blow-lamp to heat the sparking-plugs. It did its job well and truly during the whole period that the expedition remained in this Arctic winter. A member of it, when he returned, said that he wished that they had also taken an Austin "Seven" car fitted with ice-gripping, hill-climbing competition Dunlop tyres, as it would have saved them much time in reaching outlying base camps across the frozen bays of North-East Land. It may be remembered that Sir Herbert Wilkins has used an Austin "Seven" on several of his Antarctic expeditions, this being employed on transport work from the ship to the main base camp.

New Australian records for the 750-1100 c.c. class were established by John Snow at Canberra on Feb. 6, when driving his 1087 c.c. K.3 M.G. "Magnet." He captured half-a-dozen records, his best speed being at the rate of 105·57 m.p.h. for the one mile with a flying start, and the standing-start mile at 76·76 m.p.h. These runs were made at a meeting of the New South Wales Light Car Club, and the course used is not ideal for very fast work, as it is slightly uphill in certain sections, while there is an open bend to be negotiated during the run over the measured distance. So the M.G. and its driver deserve more bouquets for their successful efforts. But then, M.G. "Magnet" are really quite wonderful little cars. Lord Walgram, driving a similar car at Fort Elliot, South Australia, on Dec. 29, 1936, gained second place, at 83·5 m.p.h., for a 7·8 mile lap in a long-distance race, making the fastest time for the race, 34 min. 17 sec. for 50 miles, as well as the fastest lap, as recorded above. This was a very excellent performance, for the lap circuit had seven turns, including four right-angle corners.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

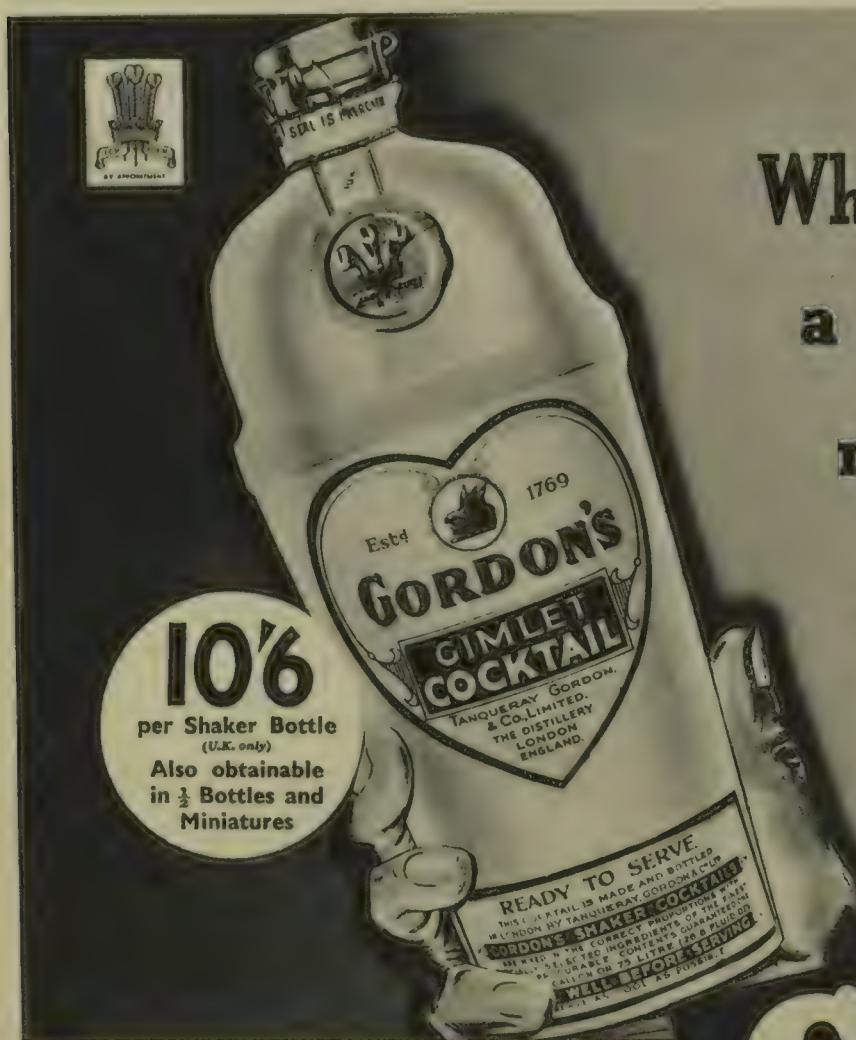
(Continued from page 34.)

retrospective speculations belong to the realm of fancy. In reality . . . Bonaparte never had any idea of pursuing an eastern career."

The Napoleonic episode (one can hardly call it a period) at Cairo and Alexandria naturally forms only an incidental phase, though treated at some length, in a book that covers many centuries, namely, "THE NILE IN EGYPT": The Life-Story of a River. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Mary H. Lindsay. With twenty-three Plates and Coloured Maps (Allen and Unwin; 16s.). This volume forms the second part of the famous German biographer's work concerning the Nile. The first part, entitled "From the Source to Egypt," was reviewed in our issue of Dec. 26, 1936. The work is not so much a history as a brilliant historical essay on the grand scale. The life-story of a river cannot be quite the same thing as the life-story of a human being. It must have also an element of geography.

In mythology rivers have been personified, but that is not quite Herr Ludwig's method, yet he does ascribe to his "ole man river" (which does, in a manner of speaking, "grow cotton") certain achievements generally considered human, as when he writes: "It was the Nile that created astronomy and mathematics, law and equity, money and police, long before any other association of people on the earth possessed them." In his later chapters the author devotes much attention to Napoleon. "If General Bonaparte," we read, "had not fled from Africa to become Napoleon in Europe, he might have realised on and in the Nile what was revealed to him in the visions of his youth." Herr Ludwig's somewhat pessimistic allusions to Anglo-Egyptian relations were written, presumably, before the Montreux Conference.

C. E. B.



Here are the other recipes of Gordon's Genuine Cocktails

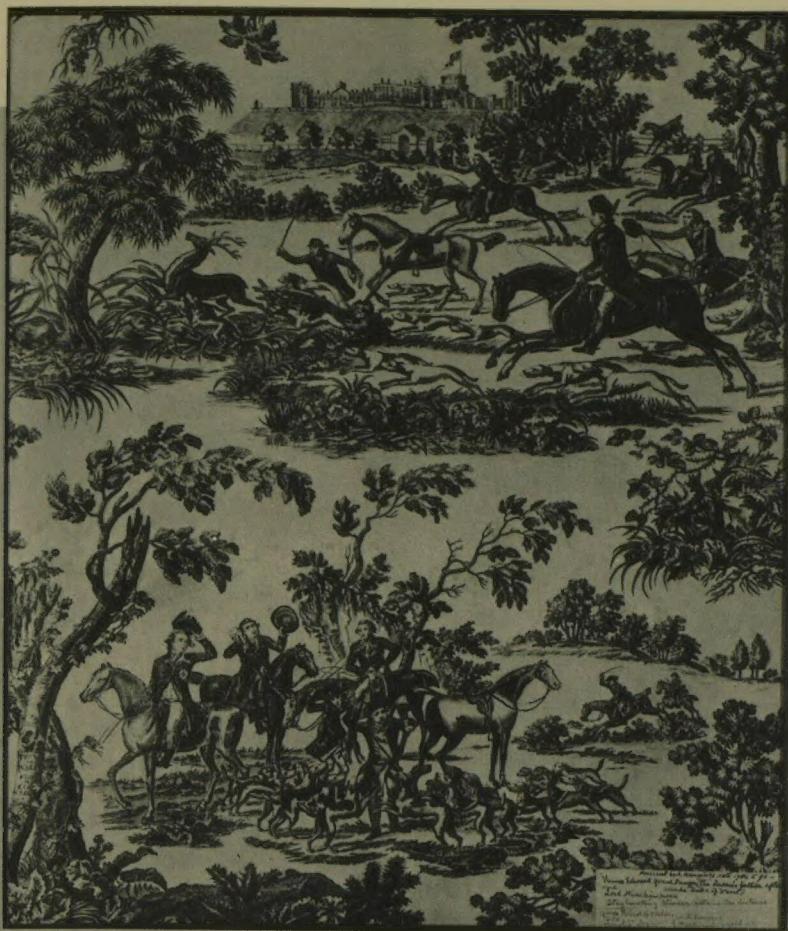
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JAMES The G-R-A-N-D, Torquay! But my dear fellow, the food there is so awful that I swore I'd never enter the confounded place again.

GEORGE When was it you took this eternal vow?

JAMES Oh, just after the war, I believe.

GEORGE You vindictive old devil! Do you realise that it is nearly 20 years since the ARMISTICE was signed, and I'd bet when you did go there you had a liver.

JAMES Well, I know you're a pretty good judge of decent cooking. I was thinking of going to Torquay for a few weeks this summer. The Grand is obviously the place to stay—right on the front and on the level. I'll write to them to-day, mentioning your name.

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BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E. F.R.G.S.

DÜSSELDORF—AND ITS REICH EXHIBITION.

IT is fitting that the Reich Exhibition of 1937 should be held in Düsseldorf, one of the leading industrial and commercial cities in Germany, the centre of iron, steel, bottle-making, and chemical works of great importance, and very favourably situated from a traffic point of view, with connections by rail, by river, and by air. The Exhibition, which is designed to show the German nation at work, also the dwellings, recreation, and amusements of the people, has a site along the shore of the Rhine, with a river frontage of over a mile, thus ensuring pleasant conditions, and one of its most interesting sections, undoubtedly, will be that dealing with the manufacture of the new synthetic materials which are to form the basis for Germany's new industries under the Four Years' Plan. These materials are on view for the first time, and the visitor will be able to see some of the extraordinary things which are fashioned from the basic substances, cellulose, water, coal, chalk, and air. Among the exhibits are synthetic petrol, Buna rubber, lignostone—which is described as wood-metal—wool made from glass, and toothed wheels and cylinders made, not of metal, but of a synthetic material produced under methods of high pressure.

Town-planning and settlement dwelling ideas will be illustrated by a model township and a model working-class settlement, and there will be a horticultural section, with a number of special gardens; whilst as regards the lighter side of the Exhibition, this will include such attractions as an open-air swimming-bath with artificial waves, a Lilliput railway system, an amusement park, Rhineland galas, special theatrical performances, concerts, horse races, and motor-boat trips on the river. When evening falls there will be the soft light of fairy lamps in wine gardens and on terraces by the Rhine, with music and dancing.

Visitors to the Exhibition will find Düsseldorf a charming city in which to make a stay. Historically it dates as a place of importance back to the year 1383, when it was made the capital of the Duchy of Berg, and, after suffering severely in the Thirty Years' War and the War of the Spanish Succession, times of prosperity came with the advent of Johann Wilhelm II.,

Duke of Julich and Berg, and Elector Palatine, 1690-1716, who resided in the castle for many years and was a great patron of the arts and sciences. This was the commencement of Düsseldorf's fame as an art centre, increased immeasurably when, in 1767, the Elector Charles Theodore founded there an Academy of Art, attracting to the city artists from all over Europe. Music festivals, plays, and performances of opera are some of the leading features of social life in Düsseldorf, which is particularly bright and gay at this season of the year, as a walk along the Königsallee, with its smart cafés and restaurants and attractive dancing halls, soon proves.

It is a city of broad thoroughfares, imposing buildings—in a very modern style—and fine shops, as befits a city famed for its fashions, with excellent hotels, and good facilities for sport and amusement, the former including well-kept sports grounds and tennis courts, an ice stadium, with two rinks, swimming-pools, two race-courses, a riding stadium, and a special yacht harbour on the Rhine, which also provides a

safe anchorage for motor-boats. The house is preserved, in the Bolkerstrasse, in which, in the year 1797, Heinrich Heine was born; the Maskasten, situated in a lovely park, once the scene of discussions



AVAILABLE FOR VISITORS TO THE REICH EXHIBITION IN DÜSSELDORF: THE SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-BATH AT THE STADIUM BY THE RHINE.

Photograph by Dolf Siebert.



IN A CHARMING SITUATION BY THE RHINE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE REICH EXHIBITION IN DÜSSELDORF, SHOWING ITS EXTENSIVE AREA AND HANDSOME BUILDINGS.—[Photograph by Hoffman, Berlin.]

between Goethe and Jacobi, the philosopher, is now a meeting-place for the artists of Düsseldorf and the place where they hold their joyous festivals; in the Municipal Art Gallery their pictures, and those of former artists of Düsseldorf, are to be seen. The Academy of Art has a good collection of paintings by Flemish and Italian masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; St. Andrew's Church is a fine Renaissance building, and in the interesting quarter known as the Old Town is the Town Hall, built in the French Renaissance style. Most remarkable of the modern buildings are the Stahlhof, the offices of the United Steel Works, the Rheinmetallhaus, the Mannesmann House, and the Wilhelm Marx Haus, on the Hindenburgwall. The Hofgarten is a beautifully laid-out park, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, and in the Rheinpark are the Rheinhalle and Planetarium, the Reichsmuseum of Sociology and Economics, the Municipal Art Museum, and the Rhein Terrace. There are interesting excursions from Düsseldorf to Benrath, with its palace of rococo, and extensive parks, and to Kaiserwerth, and its Imperial palace built in the reign of Frederick Barbarossa.



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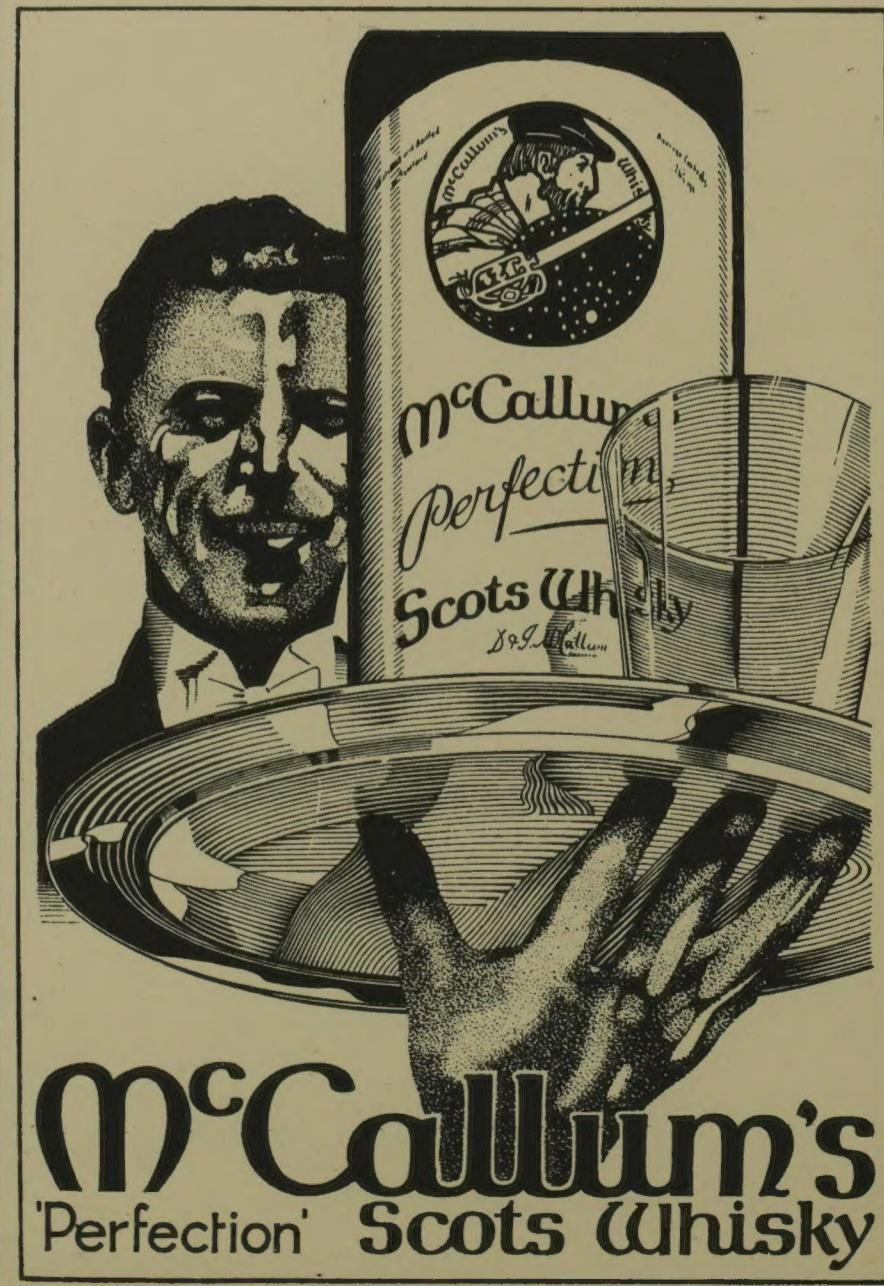
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Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie—The leading hotel.

GERMANY (Continued)

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14.

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Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

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Cologne—Hotel Comedienhof—Nr. Stn. & Cath. New wing Dec. 1936. Rms. fm. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6, pr. b. fr. R.M. 8. Gar. adj. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

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GERMANY (Continued)

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